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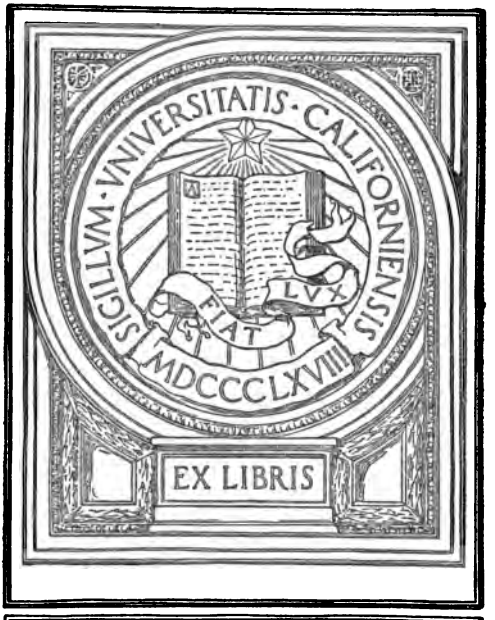

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM C. HABBERLEY

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VOLUME I

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ROARING RIVER FALLS, JAMAICA

Frontispiece, Vol. I.

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TRAVELS AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY

E. QUINCY SMITH

VOLUME I

THE FIRST TRIP TO JAMAICA
THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE TRIP
THE MEXICAN TRIP

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1911

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PREFACE

The accounts of travel that are contained in these volumes were written with no thought of their publication. Therefore the author occasionally may have made use of some thought suggested by a railroad folder or by a guide book, and it is even possible that the text of more than one passage has followed quite closely one of these sources of information. The earlier chapters were written a good many years ago, and the folders and guide books that are used have long since gone out of existence. It is now impossible to give credit where credit may be due. But the author wishes to disclaim any wilful plagiarism of word or of thought. E. Q. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 30, 1911.

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THE FIRST TRIP TO JAMAICA

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The First Trip to Jamaica

I

THE FIRST TRIP TO JAMAICA—THE "ADMIRAL SAMPSON"

THE year 1901 was a hard one for me, and in December I was pretty well tired out. After a family consultation we decided upon a holiday—to hie us away to a strange land and new scenes. Washington was still in the grip of winter, and the thought of a trip to any land of warm weather was alluring. We finally selected Jamaica as the place for our vacation and the selection was a good one, for Jamaica, with its balmy climate, its wonderful vegetation, its perpetual flowers, and its abundance of fruit, is certainly the island of recreation and rest. In fact, the resting of its inhabitants has become chronic, and since beginning to dig the Panama Canal we have learned that it is not wise to employ a Jamai-

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can if anything beyond resting is required of him.

On Wednesday, January 15, 1902, we left Washington for Philadelphia, on the 12.30 train, over the B. & O. Railroad, spending the night at the Lafayette. Our boat, the *Admiral Sampson,* was to sail the next morning at 10, but various repairs to the engines were found to be necessary, and a wait of four or five hours was made while the work was completed by mechanics from Cramps' shipyard.

The *Sampson,* one of four similar steamers belonging to the United Fruit Company, was three hundred feet long, traveled about fifteen miles an hour, and had accommodation for fifty first class passengers. She carried no second class or steerage. On the outward voyage the vessel was in water ballast only, but carried a cargo of fruit, principally cocoanuts, bananas, and oranges, on her homeward trip. The *Sampson* was clean and well-kept and the staterooms were good, except that the berths were a little narrow. Ours were Nos. 13, 14, and 15. Everything was painted

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white and was in good order, and the table was good, especially in the abundance of fruit, but was not remarkably well served. But in general the equipment was adequate, save that the saloon was rather small. The stewards were obliging and the stewardess especially pleasant and agreeable.

We started down the Delaware River at 3.30 P. M., under a leaden sky and threatening snow. The weather was very cold, the river was full of ice, and when Delaware Bay was reached solid floes were found, with the ice from four to six inches thick. The deck was a cold and unpleasant place and the passengers, generally, spent the remainder of the day in the cabin, sallying forth upon deck occasionally for a glimpse at the Dialogue Ship plant, at Cramps, League Island Navy Yard, the Harlan & Hollingsworth plant, or some other feature of especial interest.

Friday and Saturday proved cold and overcast and the sea very rough, in fact much rougher than we had expected to find it. Most of the passengers were seasick, and their troubles were intensified because it was too cold to remain on deck. Friday afternoon

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we entered the Gulf Stream, when the weather moderated slightly, but it was still too cold for comfort and the sea was still very rough. The effect of the cold air upon the warm water of the Gulf Stream was quite striking, the water throwing off steam everywhere and creating a thin fog through which rainbow effects were visible in all directions. These conditions made no notable change during Saturday, and we felt that our sunshine must be looked for on the morrow.

We awoke Sunday morning with a clear day before us, the temperature being much higher and the sea smoother. The sun shone brightly, for the first time since leaving Philadelphia. Steamer chairs were now in demand, for most of the passengers were on deck, and those who had been sick were better, and life generally wore a different aspect. The weather rapidly became pleasanter and the air warmer as we made south. The afternoon was beautifully clear, warm, and with balmy springlike breezes. Everybody brightened up, and the ship became a jolly place. Flying-fish now began to appear and we occasionally saw pieces of that strange

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Gulf weed called "Sargasso." A little later we passed through large masses of it, and when an hour afterward we saw the little Island of San Salvador on our left, we thought of that historic day when Columbus' ship first plunged her bows into this "tangled ocean meadow," and the sailors were ready to mutiny, fearing hidden shoals. Just at sunset we came to "Bird Rock," with its beautiful lighthouse, and its groves of curious trees, upon our nearer approach proving to be cocoanut palms, which we then saw for the first time. Bird Rock is connected with Crooked Island, its nearest neighbor, by a low coral reef. This little island is one of quite an extensive group, the largest of which is Fortune Island, the next on our left, and separated from Crooked Island by a narrow channel, where the Atlas Line steamers stop to leave the mails. We did not stop, however, but continued on our course through what is called the Crooked Island passage, sailing for three hours in sight of the islands, upon a sea as smooth and calm as a millpond and with the ocean swell absolutely non-existent. The contrast between the cold at home and a tem-

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perature warm enough to permit us to sit on deck without wraps was delightful,—and we enjoyed it to the utmost, particularly as the moon this evening was almost full and the light most brilliant.

Monday morning we awoke early, with a hot sun streaming in our windows. Wraps were packed in steamer trunks, flannels were changed, and we walked about the deck in white duck and linen and other clothes of the thinnest we had with us. On the right-hand side of the boat we watched for an hour the shores of Cuba, that island of which we had heard so much in the three preceding years. Cape Maysi, a long high promontory on its extreme eastern point, stretched out toward us in the mist, with its lighthouse standing on a low flat point of land. On the other side, but a little beyond our range of vision, rose the mountains of Haiti, the land of the Black Republic, one of the finest islands in the world, but a place to be avoided by the tourist, as a country where "a white man has no rights a negro is bound to respect." By ten o'clock, the weather being very warm, and we uncomfortably hot,

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we began to speculate as to how hot Jamaica would be. At half past three, in the dim distance, we saw a haze, which was soon distinguished as the mountainous coast of Jamaica. The mountains were not clear, but were here and there shrouded in clouds. We were sure it was raining there, and later we discovered that on this north side of the island it rains every day, as showers of only a few minutes' duration are constantly forming and descending. The land here rises from the shore higher and higher, terrace upon terrace, peak upon peak, until the climax is reached in "Blue Mountain," with its summit nearly 7500 feet above the level of the sea. In another hour we were running along the coast and near enough to distinguish the cocoanut palms, banana trees, and a multitude of tropical plants absolutely unknown to us heretofore. The diminutive huts of the natives are clustered quite thickly along the coast, and we saw them peeping out occasionally among the dense foliage of the lower slopes, until the little specks high up the ridge told of the tiny homes of the Moroons, the mountaineers of Jamaica. Soon after the light-

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house at the entrance to Port Antonio Harbor loomed up, at 4:30 the engines were stopped, a little sailboat bobbing up and down upon the waves approached, the native pilot came on board, and five minutes later we rounded the point into Port Antonio harbor.

The harbor of Port Antonio seemed to us the most beautiful spot in the world, and certainly there could be few lovelier places. We can never forget our entrance, almost at sunset, into Port Antonio Harbor. The ship came bounding in upon the swell through a narrow entrance, apparently rushing to destruction upon the coral reefs, when suddenly, turning under the lee of the island at the mouth of the west harbor, she swept past the hotel, steamed slowly in the deep channel, and awaited the inspection by the health officer. The latter, a respectable colored person much impressed with the dignity of his office, did his duty solemnly, calling all of the crew and our thirty-three passengers to the deck rail, where each face was scanned for any trace of the dreaded smallpox or other infectious disease.

During the delay we feasted our eyes upon the dream of fairyland before us. The har-

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bor is in shape almost a circle, the rim broken only by the narrow entrance from the ocean, so narrow, that it seems as if one could almost throw a stone from the ship to the shore on either side. It is divided by a promontory of coral rock. On this peninsula are the remains of an old fort, with picturesque surroundings, and behind it are the barracks, now used as a school. Close by is seen the hospital, somewhat primitive in its fittings, but through whose windows blows constantly the salt breeze of old ocean. The hills about us on three sides were clothed with the most luxuriant of tropical vegetation. There were broad leaved banana trees, and especially lovely were the tall graceful cocoanut palms, rising to a height of a hundred feet without a branch, and then spreading out with a cluster of long serrated leaves, sheltering among them big green husks from the interior of which come the cocoanuts of commerce. Among these latter trees are "Palm Sunday" palms, fan palms, date palms, sago palms, oil palms, and an endless variety of other palms, some of commercial value and others merely decorative, and here and there, and crowning all, the Royal palm, the most beautiful of all.

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II

PORT ANTONIO—JAMAICAN CHARACTERISTICS

HOWEVER, we have forgotten the Health Department doctor, who finally gave us a clean bill of health, and the vessel steamed slowly up to the wharf, with many small boats circling around us. In looking over the black, brown and lighter colored faces which crowded the wharf, we were especially struck with one shiny, jet black native, with large green goggles, whose resplendent costume and generally lordly bearing made us place him at once as the Governor of the island, or at least as the owner of most of it, but alas, his glories ceased to shine, and his grandeur faded away, as we learned he was only the porter of the Hotel Titchfield—but he was a good porter, all the same. A second magnificent individual was a rather retiring policeman, with a large smooth palmetto club, held with a broad band

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of leather, and with an immense circular leathern badge six or seven inches in diameter and crossed with two half-inch bands of leather, secured above the elbow with other leathern bands.

Our disembarkation was made a few steps from the custom house, to which our baggage had already been carried by the sailors. We found only courteous treatment at the hands of the custom house officials. The question was asked whether we were visiting the island "on business or pleasure," and the latter answer being given, a chalk mark was put upon our trunk and valises and we proceeded at once to the hotel carriages, which were in waiting, and when our "double buggy" was full our mules were started at full speed and we went with a rush through the narrow streets, the white-robed inhabitants getting out of our way as best they could when the crack of the driver's whip was heard. And such queer-looking streets, hard and smooth, and without sidewalks, the shops with no show-windows and generally with the whole of the front side open to the street. Luckily there is no dust at Port An-

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tonio, because of the frequent showers. In ten minutes we were at the hotel looking down upon the harbor, ourselves among the palms.

The Titchfield was a three-story building with many windows, doors, and wide halls opening upon porches at either end. We were assigned to rooms Nos. 50 and 52, at a corner opening upon a broad piazza and with six windows on the sides from which the prevailing winds blow, from the ocean by day and from the mountains by night. Our rooms were quite large, communicating by folding doors, which we left open all the time, and were unplastered, like all the rest of the hotel, which is finished in polished yellow pine, now very dark.

The dining room was certainly something unique, and entirely outside our previous experience. It was a large one-story pavilion, with skylights, and connected with the hotel by a short covered walk, which was a continuation of the front piazza, and open at the sides, with borders of plants of brilliant colored foliage. Orange trees, mango trees with their lovely dark green foliage, custard apples, star apples

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and bread fruit, were also in the hotel garden, and countless varieties of shrubs and bushes, with the most brilliant of colored leaves, and blossoms brighter still. The pavilion was practically open on three sides, as it had eighteen doors giving out upon the surrounding porches. It was pleasantly light and the breeze blew through from all directions. The American and English flags were draped in the center, a large American flag at one end, and the Fruit Company pennants at the other. The doors were framed with braided palm leaves and the walls covered with rosettes and other figures made of the leaves of the fan palm. Pineapples, bunches of bananas and oranges, pawpaw and star apples, with stems and leaves intact, hung from the walls as if growing there, and on the side next the water a mango tree had actually grown through the side of the building, or rather the pavilion was built around the tree, and it blossomed and the fruit ripened and came to maturity in the room itself. Oranges, tangerines, bananas, and pineapples were in tempting profusion on the tables, and on special tables at the end of the room

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were piled the choicest specimens, larger than we ever saw them at home. The hotel table was excellent, but the fruit made it better, of which we ate enormous quantities. Two or three of the splendid king oranges, an ordinary orange or two, and a slice of pineapple started our breakfast. Half a dozen other kinds of fruits and vegetables, mangoes, sour sop, custard apples, star apples, savanillas, yams, yampees, plantains and breadfruit were served at lunch and dinner, and we ended each meal as we began our breakfast. We ate more fruit here in a day than we ever ate before in a month. How we reveled in it! Oranges, bananas, grape fruit, and pineapples, when absolutely fresh, do not taste like the things which masquerade under those names at home—and realizing that our time of indulgence was short we simply ate all the fruit that nature permitted. This indulgence in fruit was catered to by the hotel people, for fresh stalks of bananas were hung upon the hotel piazzas each morning, to which we helped ourselves *ad libitum* during the day, and other fruits were obtainable for the asking, at any time.

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On Tuesday morning we took our bearings and looked more closely into our surroundings. Just in front of the hotel were beautiful cocoanut palms, a hundred years old, a hundred feet high, and bearing a hundred cocoanuts a year. We noted a tall straight tree, with no branches of any sort for the first seventy-five or eighty feet, and as we wondered how a cocoanut could be obtained, a small colored boy appeared who offered to give us an object lesson in climbing cocoanut trees for a three-pence. We accepted his proposition and watched his simple preparations with interest. He took from his pocket a rope, which he tied and crossed like a figure 8, and inserted a foot in each loop. This kept his feet from separating too widely. Then gripping the bark with his bare feet and hands, up he went by a series of frog-like jumps, and in less than half a minute was seated among the great green husks which contained the cocoanuts, at the top of the tree. He threw down as many as we wanted and slid down the tree holding another nut in his teeth. We learned now, that when young the meat of the cocoa-

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nut is in a sort of gelatinous state, and the nut full of cocoanut water, which was sometimes served to us at dinner, but which we did not fancy. We bored a hole in our nut and sucked out the water as children do an orange. Cocoanut water is almost colorless, sweet, and rather oily. It is always cool, no matter how hot the day, but somehow we did not like it. As the nut grows older the meat hardens and finally, when ripe, is dried and becomes the cocoanut of commerce.

The cocoanut palm is really the most characteristic of Jamaica trees. It grows everywhere except on the extreme top of the mountains, but flourishes best near the coast, in sea air. The trees grow to a great age. They begin bearing when seven years old, require almost no cultivation or attention except the gathering of the nuts, and bear fruit all the year round, blossoms, green nuts and ripe nuts being found at the same time on the same trees. A good cocoanut orchard makes not only easy farming, but is a source of considerable wealth to its owner, the average tree bringing in a net income of a dollar per year.

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Tuesday morning we went in bathing—bathing in the waters of the Caribbean Sea and in January! We could hardly realize the temperature of the water was nearly eighty degrees, when four or five days before we were sailing through a sea of ice. We took a rowboat in front of the hotel, and "Silas" rowed us out through the harbor, round the point, through rippling waters, like cut glass, but of every color of the rainbow, so clear that we could see the seaweed and the coral formations on the bottom everywhere, and so mirror-like that the sunlight reflected upon the surface every changing color of the weedy coral bottom. We never saw water of such varying hues. Had we before seen a painting of the harbor in the colors it really is, we should have thought the depicted scene impossible and unnatural. The bath-houses were perhaps half a mile from the hotel, and were built, not on the shore, but a hundred yards or more out in the water. We stepped from the boat upon the bath-house platform, and we could dive from the platform into beautiful deep, blue water or walk down the steps on the other

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side into water six inches deep and with a carpet of fine white sand. The shells here are all found, like the bath-houses, not on the beach, but in the water. Stooping down in water a foot or two deep, feeling round upon the bottom with our hands, we found innumerable little "eye-stones" and small shells in the sand, and delving in among the seaweed we found the recent homes of the sea-urchin and many conch shells. These latter seem to be the most common of Jamaica shells. They are of all sizes and of half a dozen different colors, the most beautiful being those in which the prevailing color is a rosy pink or blue or brown. We took what shells we wanted, splashed about to our hearts' content, and during the row back to the hotel we ate the bananas we had brought with us. And all this in January! In the afternoon the ladies went riding, and I took the kodak and went for a walk in the country. It was only a short excursion, but full of novel things; quaint little houses; the dress and faces of the people, with the peculiar notes in their voices, the full round "a's" and "o's"; the soft short words which they call "Eng-

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lish"; but strangest of all to our eyes was the wealth, luxuriance, and variety of the vegetation. Words cannot tell it or pictures describe it. Photographs show it in spots, but no idea of the island as it is can be obtained except by a personal visit.

The greatest impression upon the traveler who takes his first walk into the country, no matter in what direction he goes, is made by the immense number of banana trees. They are found everywhere, of all sizes, in every stage of growth, in little patches of twenty or thirty trees and in plantations of thousands of acres. The entire world could readily be supplied with this fruit from Jamaica. The process of raising bananas is quite interesting. The land is first turned up with a very large plow drawn by ten or twelve oxen, and the plants are then set out in rows ten to fifteen feet apart and about eight feet distant in the row. They grow from ten to twenty or twenty-five feet in height, depending upon the soil and cultivation. The live leaves on a full-grown tree are found in a clutser of about a dozen, beginning two-thirds of the way up. They are of great size, ten to fifteen feet long,

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sometimes two feet and a half wide, and of a vivid green. They are quite evenly veined cross-wise, and after a high wind become cut and serrated, something like those of a cocoa-nut palm. In a year the first crop of fruit is ready for gathering. Each tree produces one stalk of bananas only, and it is then cut down and left to decay on the ground. New suckers are constantly coming up from the root, however, and two or three of these are allowed to grow. Thus, when the first plant is cut down another is nearly ready to bear, while one or two others are in different stages of growth. This process is continued for from seven to ten years, at which time the ground is so full of roots that it is necessary to plow it up again and replant.

The stalk of bananas grows just above the cluster of live leaves, and the bananas themselves grow upside down, that is, with the points up. Most of the bananas are cut by coolies, who pass round among the trees selecting the bunches which are perfectly filled out and fully developed. As a bunch hangs from a tree it is far above the reach of the cutter, and to bring it to the ground without

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injury requires long practice. With a machete the coolie slashes the stem, cutting it about half through. The weight of the bananas makes the plant bend over, and as it droops slowly downward he grasps the stem growing from the lower end of the bunch, at the same time clipping the stalk at the other end and severing it from the tree with one blow of the knife. With another cut of his machete he takes off the great maroon colored bloom, that he holds in his hand, and as the stalk of bananas touches the ground it is ready to be carted to the wharf, the whole operation occupying only a few seconds. The bananas are always cut when they are green, even in Jamaica. If left to yellow and ripen on the plant they split open. Banana cultivation is profitable, but the price is subject to fluctuations, and the income is therefore not quite as certain as that from some other crops.

On Wednesday we took our first short ride —to Blue Hole, six or seven miles away,— a beautiful drive, part of it along the coast and part of the way through a rolling country, in which both cocoanuts and bananas

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abound. We noticed especially the difference in the character of the houses as we went further from the town. In Port Antonio it seemed to us the houses were rather primitive for a town of two thousand or more inhabitants—they are pretty much all one story in height and few have window glass; but these are palatial compared with the huts in the country. The latter are built all alike, and might have been cut out of the same piece. Four upright posts make the corners. Other lighter uprights are set at intervals of eighteen inches or two feet, and these are crossed with thin strips, leaves of the cocoanut palm then thickly interlaced, and the building is complete, except that a gable must be made to give the proper slant to the roof and a perfect mat of long palm leaves eight or ten inches thick must be put over all to keep out the rain. A doorway is cut, a couple of holes for windows, but a door is seldom hung, and in the country window sash never. The houses are not built to keep out the cold, for fortunately there is no cold to keep out. The occupants are dressed with about as much care as they give to the erection of their

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houses. The children wear usually only one garment, patterned largely after the American night shirt, but not so long. The women in the country wear a garment similar to that of the children, and are supposed to wear other clothing also. The men wear a shirt, generally with considerable open work, and a pair of trousers. Everybody goes barefoot, except on Sunday.

In Jamaica there seem to be five quite distinct peoples. The blacks, who are very black; the browns, who are a mixed race, and mulattoes; the coolies, who belong to the Caucasian race and are an importation from India; the Creoles; and the Moroons, these latter being very black, and the descendants of African slaves.

As we came down from the uplands to the coast again we passed one of the numerous little brooks bringing down the water from the mountains and watched the women washing clothes. While engaged in so doing they wear very few clothes themselves. They stand in water a couple of feet deep and, after using the interior lining of the cocoanut for a scrubbing brush, the clothes are dipped in

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the water, then laid upon a smooth rock and beaten with a paddle, or the clothes themselves are used as paddles, with which the rocks are soundly thrashed. After this latter operation is complete, the clothes—or what is left of them—are spread upon other rocks to dry. These women could readily give pointers to the American steam laundry in tearing off buttons and generally demoralizing wearing apparel.

In about an hour and a half we reached Blue Hole, and found it a large circular basin, with water as blue as that of Lake Geneva. The color is said to be caused by the shining of the sun upon water of immense depth, and the "Hole" is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano. We rested for half an hour and then drove back to the Titchfield.

On the return trip we had a splendid view of the east harbor and the long point of land on which the lighthouse is situated. This latter stands on a ledge of coral rock running out some distance into the Caribbean Sea. The rock, built by the tireless labor of myriads of little coral insects, rises almost per-

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pendicularly from the bottom, with few outlying spurs, so that it meets the full force of the waves as they break in long rollers, and the spray dashes upward to a great height, even in moderate weather. But storms are the exception here, and the lot of the keepers is a blissful one when compared with the lonely, isolated life of the keepers of the light on bleak Northern shores. Here the climate is a perpetual delight. The shade of the palms is within easy reach, the strong salt ocean breeze never ceases by day, the cool breeze from the mountains comes by night, and Port Antonio itself is within a mile or two. Surely the lightkeeper here may well be envied by his brother of the North.

Thursday morning we went in bathing again, as we did every day, and in the afternoon drove to Saint Margaret's Bay, six miles along the coast to the west,—in the other direction from Blue Hole. The country is not so wild, and our road led us through many magnificent plantations, where cultivation has developed fruit of unusual size. We also crossed the estuary of the Rio Grande, which is here spanned by a good bridge. The

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waters of the river are dark, and as they meet the blue of the ocean a distinct line is formed, which is visible for some distance out to sea. Looking backward up the river, its windings can be traced for miles among the rocky gorges of the mountains. The village of Saint Margaret's is small, but charmingly situated. Many of the little houses are almost covered with vines and other creepers, with gorgeous blossoms.

Friday morning we started for our longest drive while on the island. We took a large three-seated stage, drawn by two mules, inviting with us one or two friends from the hotel. We planned to make a day of it visiting Fellowship, Golden Vale, Windsor, and Moretown, taking our lunch with us for a picnic at the latter place. We started as usual in a shower, and for quite a while had hard rains at frequent intervals, but things soon dried off, and rain does not seem to make much difference at Port Antonio, anyway. We followed the road to Blue Hole at first, and then struck off into the mountains. As we went higher and higher the view became more and more extended, and

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at every turn of the narrow winding road new beauties of scenery were found. The climax was reached as we made the last turn at the top, for stretched beneath us lay the lovely valley called Golden Vale, once a great sugar estate, but now a banana plantation of the Fruit Company, having an output of thirty thousand bunches annually. The landscape was one of fine cultivation. Close to us were cane fields, and beyond hundreds of acres green with bananas. Near the boundary of the old estate are the large stone buildings formerly used for the crushing of the cane and the manufacture and storage of sugar and rum, but these are now used for other purposes, one of them for a school which is supported by the owners of the plantation. Through the midst of the vale runs the Rio Grande, at this season of the year a fair-sized stream, but during the rainy season a mountain torrent, unfordable and uncontrollable.

At Windsor we found a settlement of a hundred coolies, a thrifty people who, like the Chinese, come to this country only to make money, expecting some day to return to India and to there live happily forever

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after. The first coolies in Jamaica were imported, because it was found impossible for white men to do the hard work of the cane fields and the banana plantations under a tropical sun, and because the negro labor is too uncertain a quantity to be depended upon. The coolies have been found to be very satisfactory workmen. They work hard and regularly, at low wages, and sooner or later accumulate property. They are the shopkeepers of the country districts and yet, curiously enough, are looked down upon by the negroes as inferiors. The coolies retain their Indian costumes and are the most picturesquely dressed of any of the Jamaicans. The women are loaded with jewelry, with rings in noses and ears, broad engraved silver bracelets covering the arms from wrist to elbow, and fingers covered with rings, with many necklaces and with silver bands about their ankles. They do quite a business in selling the native jewelry to tourists.

We finally reached Moretown, and there had our luncheon beside a little stream in which the women were doing their week's wash. Moretown is situated far up in the

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mountains, in a region which was formerly almost inaccessible. It is the ancient home of the Moroons. When the Spanish conquerors of the island were themselves conquered by the English, their African slaves were permitted to retreat to the mountains, and their numbers were afterward largely increased by runaway slaves of the English. The name given them comes from a Spanish word meaning "young pig," the pursuit of wild boars at the time of the Spanish occupation constituting the chief employment of the fugitive negroes. The Moroons increased in strength and numbers, and their lawless actions becoming finally unbearable, a determined effort to conquer them was made by the English, and they were at last subdued. They and their descendants have, however, continued to live in wild, remote regions and to this day remain practically a distinct race.

Our ride homeward was clear and delightfully cool, and we were fortunate enough to see a mongoose or two on the return trip. These animals have not yet become the nuisances here that they have proved to be elsewhere, and are still regarded with gratitude

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for the service they have rendered in ridding the island of reptiles.

Saturday and Sunday we rested; and on the latter day attended the eleven o'clock Church of England service in the old church upon the hill. The building is not especially interesting, except for one or two old memorial tablets, its stone floor, broken in many places, and its old "three decker" pulpit brought from England—the first "deck" being for the reader, the second for the clerk, or "clark," as the English call it, and the third being occupied by the rector while delivering his sermon. With this arrangement the rear seats in the church become the best, as persons in the front cannot see the preacher except by putting their necks on the back of the seats and looking up toward the ceiling. The services were nearly two hours long, and included a processional and recessional by the black boy choir. Sunday is the gala-day of the natives. They put on shoes, if they have any, and go to church in the most gorgeous of costumes. We went early and stayed late, to take it all in.

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III

BOG WALK—SPANISH TOWN—KINGSTON

MONDAY morning we packed our grips for a day or two trip and started for Kingston, the capital of the island, and its largest city. We left on the 6:20 train, reaching a station called Bog Walk at 10:40. There we took a carriage for a drive of nine miles to Spanish Town, and at two o'clock took the train again, arriving at Kingston at 2:30.

The railroad ride to Bog Walk is full of interest. For the first two hours the train is never far from the sea, giving alternate glimpses of ocean and mountain, of marshland full of swaying rushes, of dense thickets with trees of great height, covered from the ground to their topmost branches with orchids and other parasitic plants, of little streams bordered with wild cane, of groves of mango trees, of fine banana land, and of barren rocky ledges filled with breezy little

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caves hollowed out of the limestone ridges by the wild winds and boisterous rains of May and October. Perhaps the most beautiful spot is reached just after leaving Saint Margaret's Bay. Here for some distance the train is never more than a few yards from the beach, and in some places the track is cut in the side of the cliff, the train running along the edge of a precipice, beneath which the waves are breaking, the salt spray being carried over the passing train in heavy weather. At Annotto Bay the train leaves the coast and at once begins the ascent of the mountains, later passing through a series of twenty-six tunnels in rapid succession. The line is full of curves and there are many windings in the tunnels themselves. Just before reaching the station at Richmond the watershed of the island is passed, and we noticed that the streams began to flow in the other direction. We slowly descended, winding in and out among the peaks, with many charming views on either hand, and soon the conductor called Bog Walk. The "buggy" for which we telegraphed was awaiting us, but we felt rather ashamed to be drawn along by

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such little rats of horses. These animals did not seem to be troubled with our weight, however, and we were carried forward at a rapid pace. The drive from Bog Walk to Spanish Town is the most beautiful on the island. The Rio Cobre, or Black River, is a rapid stream, flowing over a rocky bed, between banks of limestone everywhere cut in the most fantastic shapes, the dark, damp little caverns being filled with the most lovely and delicate of ferns. Many of the photographs for sale at all the hotels, showing the "Lovers Lanes" and characteristic vegetation of the island, are taken along the Rio Cobre. The river runs for miles through a deep gorge, with the mountains rising immediately from both banks, and the road is close to the bank of the river and follows its every winding vagary. In this part of our drive we noticed that the houses were thatched closer and were often plastered with mud on the outside, evidently as a protection against the night breeze, which at this elevation must sometimes be quite cool. As we descended to Spanish Town the weather became hot, the road dusty, and the vegetation dry and often

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withered—and we later found this condition over all the south side of the island. At Port Antonio the daily and almost hourly showers keep the vegetation fresh and green. On the south side of the island the lack of rain at certain seasons of the year makes for many serious problems. We had seen the luxuriant growths of bamboo along the river banks, and now we found one of the practical uses to which its large hollow stems are put. We met processions of the natives carrying long bamboo poles upon their shoulders, the ends closed by circular blocks of wood, the poles themselves filled with water; and we also saw women, like those of Eastern lands, balancing large gourds of water upon their heads.

We reached Spanish Town in time to take a further drive and saw the regulation sights before lunch. The town is old and rather dilapidated, though its historical associations are great. It is the ancient capital of the island, and even to-day many of the old land records are kept in the old building on the east side of the square in which the House of Assembly formerly held its sessions. On the west side of the square stands the old official

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residence of the Governors of Jamaica, but it is now unoccupied. On the north side stands the "Temple," erected in honor of the great naval victory of Admiral Rodney over the French in 1782. The French expected to take Jamaica and drive the English from the West Indies, and they came within an ace of doing it, but Rodney was equal to the occasion. He destroyed the French fleet in a famous battle, and thus became the great popular hero of Jamaica. On the south side of the square is a fine old building containing the court-room, town hall, government savings bank, and parochial board offices. The only other building of general interest is the cathedral. It is built of brick, in the form of a Spanish cross, with a tower at one end. It contains many old monuments, tablets, and slabs, some of them older than the church itself. One of them says that the departed died "amid great applause." In the interior of the building there are also several fine pieces of sculpture. After viewing the cathedral we drove to the Rio Cobre Hotel for lunch, and were there regaled with "pumpkin soup" and other delicacies, includ-

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ing a shaddock nearly two feet in circumference. We left Spanish Town at two o'clock for Kingston.

The railroad to Kingston is over a hot and dusty plain, rather uninteresting, except for its bordering fields of pineapples, and cactus hedges.

Upon reaching Kingston we drove at once to the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which was then the largest in the West Indies. It was built around three sides of a square, in the center of which was a flower garden. In the rear of the hotel was another garden, running down to the harbor, across which could be seen the "Palisades," on which Port Royal is situated. The parlors were pleasant, and many of the bedrooms opened out upon broad, shaded piazzas.

Tuesday we spent at Constant Spring and Hope Gardens. These places are connected with Kingston by an electric car line. There is now little to see at Constant Spring, except a good hotel. The name was formerly that of one of the oldest and most famous of the sugar estates on the island, now out of cultivation. We took lunch at the hotel.

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The street car line to Hope Gardens runs along quite an imposing highway, with many fine dwellings and gardens on either side. It also passes the entrance to the "King's House," the official residence of the Governor of Jamaica. This is a fine house with spacious grounds about it, well laid out and containing many rare and beautiful specimens of tropical flowering plants. Hope Garden is the chief botanic garden of the island. New varieties of fruits and plants suitable to the climate are here constantly fostered and propagated by the Government, and as many of the valuable fruits and other useful and ornamental plants now found in Jamaica were originally introduced from other countries, the islanders owe much to the work of this institution. In the Gardens can be found specimens of every plant grown in Jamaica, and in them we saw for the first time almonds, pepper, cinnamon, vanilla, and rubber plants. We also saw the different varieties of the coffee tree, and a unique avenue of orchids which, perhaps, is equaled nowhere else in the world.

Wednesday morning we devoted to visit-

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ing the shops, the purchase of curios and souvenirs, and a trip to the markets. The most interesting of the shops to tourists is a semi-charitable institution called the "Self Help," founded by Lady Musgrave, the wife of the former Governor of that name, and which is somewhat similar to the Woman's Exchanges in our country. In it is found the greatest possible variety of souvenirs obtainable. The most beautiful things are the specimens of lace bark embroidery, some of which are purchased by every visitor.

The markets of Kingston, two in number, were very interesting, but similar to the markets at Port Antonio, which we visited on the previous Saturday. In the center of the plaza is a large open shed, in which meats and many vegetables are displayed, and grouped about it and seated on the ground were the country people, whom we especially wished to see, and whose wares we wished to examine. Most unmanufactured articles to be found in Jamaica can be obtained in these markets, brought in from the country on the heads of the women or in panniers across the backs of patient little donkeys, like Mexican

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burros. We moved around among the sellers, examining with curiosity the half-inch rolls of tobacco, which are sold by the yard, and are used to fill the coolie water pipes which we had already purchased for our smoker friends at home, and the cocoa in black and brown sticks, the product of the cocoa bean grated and pressed together, and which is so sweet and strong and rich that our confectioners have to mix it with various other things before they put it on the outside of their chocolate candy. We tasted the product of the sugar cane in all its stages, from molasses to fine brown sugar, and we enjoyed seeing the delicious-looking bread, which had just been baked in the big stone ovens, to be seen on the hillsides of all the country roads, and which comes to market in the most fantastic shapes, with the crudest of decoration and ornamentation of dough, and which is generally marked with one or two mystic letters. Another great display was that of wickerware, baskets for a threepence and baskets at several shillings apiece, but all at what seemed to us to be ridiculously low prices—and the varieties as many as the

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prices. White and gray, red, green, and mixed, woven with narrow straw and broad, shallow and deep, with wide mouths and narrow, but all strong, well made baskets, many of which we wanted to take home with us, and some of which we filled with green tangerines and other small fruit, and brought along with us as "personal baggage."

Tired out with our exertions and more or less used up with the heat, we longed for the cool piazzas of the Hotel Titchfield and the restful green of its gardens, and we suddenly made up our minds to take the two o'clock train back to Port Antonio and to spend the remainder of our vacation in that haven of rest. So we were almost immediately driven to the depot, and 6:30 o'clock found us again in the dining room of the Titchfield, partaking of a good dinner, and with an abundance and variety of fruit, which we had vainly sought elsewhere.

The remainder of our stay was spent in lazily resting, in bathing, and in completing our purchases of souvenirs. Personally I enjoyed making a collection of canes cut from the native woods—ebony, mahogany, pal-

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metto, cocoanut, bulla wood, and grugru palm. We also had our camera pictures developed in Kingston, and these we supplemented with many photographs from the hotel and from different shops. We shall enjoy them for years to come.

Monday morning we were packed up, with a great number and variety of baskets and bundles of things which would not go into our trunks and which took a delivery wagon to finally get home, and we sat on the hotel porch and watched the incoming of the Fruit Company fleet, which arrives each week from Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Other boats also come in on these days to meet the Company's ships, and the harbor presents a lively appearance. Soon the carriages arrived from the wharf and we welcomed the new arrivals and looked anxiously for our mail. This came to hand shortly, and we began to make our preparations to leave, for we were due to sail in the afternoon.

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IV

ANNOTTO BAY—PORT MARIA—PORT ANDERSON —THE FRUIT TRADE—HOME

AT four o'clock we were again on board the *Sampson*,—which had made one round trip since we left her,—starting for home, but did not leave the island absolutely until Tuesday at midnight. The boat must take on her cargo of fruit, and this she had to gather from various points on the coast at which it had been collected by the company's agents. We went first to Annotto Bay, further west on the northern shore. Here we stayed for several hours anchored in the Bay, while long narrow lighters laden with cocoanuts were rowed out to us, one oarsman on each side near the bow of the boat, and a man in the stern to scull and to act as steersman. The cocoanuts were in sacks containing a hundred each. These sacks were lifted by two men, one at

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each end, and quickly passed to others standing on an improvised platform hanging over the vessel's side. The sacks were then taken into the ship, and by a similar process passed down into the hold, and the part of the vessel reserved for them. The sacks were handled almost as if they contained eggs, but notwithstanding the care used a bag did sometimes break, and the cocoanuts went flying in every direction. When the load from Annotto Bay had been received, the anchor was lifted and we went to Port Maria, where we followed a similar process, loading through the greater part of the night by electric light.

During the whole of our visit to the tropics I had been intending to get up early enough to see the constellation of the Southern Cross, but as it is best seen in this latitude this time of the year at four o'clock in the morning, I somehow had not before managed it. Disturbed by the noise of loading, however, and finding by my watch that it was 3:30 A. M., I concluded this time to put the job through. After dressing, I stepped upon deck and found the first officer just coming

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to awaken me. The Cross was before us, blazing with the brilliancy which stars only attain in Southern skies. I was certainly surprised to learn that the lower star of the Cross is the only fixed one, and that when the constellation first appears on the horizon the Cross is on its side, then slowly rises, revolving about this lower star until it is upright, as when we saw it, and then gradually drops down on the other side and so goes again below the horizon.

Leaving Port Maria, we started eastward again, passing the mouth of Port Antonio harbor at daybreak, and stopping the engines for a moment to land the loading gangs which we brought away from there with us. We then went round the eastern point of the island, making our first stop on its southern side at Port Morant, or Bowden, as it is perhaps better known. We stopped here for only fifteen minutes, just long enough for a breathing spell and to take on board another loading crew. The harbor of Bowden is lovely and the hotel is pleasantly situated on top of a high bluff. A few miles away the Fruit Company had another large planta-

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tion, and we were also told of a single cocoanut farm covering seven thousand acres.

From Bowden we went to Port Anderson, passing west of Kingston and anchoring only a few miles from Port Royal, whose buildings were clearly seen during the rest of the afternoon. Here we were to receive twenty thousand bunches of bananas, which would complete our cargo. At Port Anderson also there is no pier, and it was necessary to have the fruit brought to us in lighters. We found six or eight boats already waiting, accompanied by a little steamer which towed them one at a time to the parts of our vessel at which they were wanted. The bananas were passed to the lower deck in single bunches, where a tally was kept. They were then taken upon the shoulders of the men and were stowed away by a long line of negroes. Before being placed in the lighter the ends of each stalk had been cut off as nearly square as possible, and as the bunches were brought in they were stood upright in long rows. Another upright row was placed upon these, and then a cross row. Bananas occupy considerable space, and the hold was rapidly

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filled. During the time of loading some of us went ashore, spending an hour there between the trips of the little steamer for more bananas, but we were hardly repaid for our trouble, as the settlement was a small one of the poorer class of natives, and the land was low, with scanty vegetation. The only object of interest was an immense tamarind tree thirty-five feet or more around the trunk, and reputed to be a hundred and fifty years old. Its age was then beginning to tell upon it, however, and it could hardly last more than a few years longer.

At five o'clock we went over to Kingston for the rest of our passengers. We found them waiting at the dock, also five hundred barrels of oranges. All were safely taken on board and we went back to Port Anderson for more bananas. We finished loading there in a couple of hours, then went back to Bowden to land our loading crew and to get a little more fruit, and at last were started for the voyage home, with no more stops until we reached the Delaware. The next day we were off the shores of Cuba, and this time had a good look at its eastern shore. We

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sailed by it for several hours, and some of the time within half a mile of the coast, and the day was so clear that we easily saw the mountains of Haiti off the other side of the ship. The next morning we passed San Salvador, and this time very closely. Here and there we saw a house, but the low-lying shore is uninviting, and we were not surprised to find that the total population of the island is less than six hundred. A large steamer was wrecked upon the reef between us and the shore, and the boat was still intact as far as we could see, although she went ashore on New Year's Eve.

Our homeward voyage was uneventful, except that the weather gradually became colder and the sea much rougher as we came to higher latitudes. Friday and Saturday were bad days, and the passengers were again pretty generally seasick, and it was with feelings of great relief that we passed the Delaware Breakwater early Sunday morning, and were again in smooth water. Soon we reached the State quarantine station, and the doctor came on board and looked us over, and a little later the same formality was gone

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through with at the City quarantine station. We again passed muster, however, and steamed slowly up the river through ice so thick that occasionally the ship was brought almost to a stop, but we kept pounding at it, and finally reached our dock a little before two o'clock. The United States custom-house officers were as courteous and almost as lenient as those of Jamaica, and we had ample time to catch the 3:08 train for Washington, which brought us home in time for dinner at 6:30, and brought to a close a most pleasant trip.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE TRIP

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THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE TRIP

I

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE—ACROSS THE CONTINENT

ON the eighteenth of April, 1906, the world was startled by news of a terrible earthquake in San Francisco. This catastrophe occurred at 5:13 A. M., Wednesday, and the next day brought news of a fearful fire which, starting after the earthquake, for the next four days swept over the city until all the business part of it and three-quarters of its residence section was burned.

The destruction of the Pacific metropolis had far-reaching and disastrous results, especially among the fire insurance companies, which asked each day, "Can we live through another day of fire?" When the fire had

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finally burned itself out, with a total loss of perhaps $200,000,000, there was hardly a company doing a general business in the United States whose assets had not been seriously impaired, and many of them faced ruin unless their stockholders were willing to make large contributions to replace the gigantic loss of resources. I was then an officer of the C—— Fire Insurance Company of the District of Columbia. This company had no direct agency in San Francisco, but was reinsuring the F——, a large Eastern company, in its Western department, and in San Francisco had a total liability of about $150,000. The adjustment of losses was promptly taken up by the F——, and Mr. D——, the secretary of the company, who went immediately to San Francisco, wired that the C—— losses would probably not exceed $100,000; but a loss of $100,000 meant shipwreck to the C——, and its officers thought that in the disbursement of so large a sum of money the company should be directly represented. Therefore, I started for San Francisco, leaving April 30, the earliest moment at which my services would be of any value. I went first

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to New York City, to arrange for a sale of bonds we had on hand, finally leaving that city on Tuesday, May 2, at 5:30 on the Wolverine, a limited train running over the New York Central and the Michigan Central to Chicago. At Chicago I took the Overland Limited, going over the Chicago and Northwestern to Council Bluffs, Iowa, then over the Union Pacific to Ogden, Utah, and then to Oakland over the Southern Pacific.

The trip over the New York Central was without incident, but at Buffalo, rather to my surprise, I found the Michigan Central ran its trains over the bridge into Ontario, skirting the Canadian shore of Lake Erie instead of the southern shore, as I had done in my trips heretofore. At four o'clock Wednesday morning the engine ran into an open switch at the little station of Hagersville and went completely off the track. None of the sleepers went off, however, and no one was hurt. A long delay occurred, first in an unsuccessful attempt of a wrecking crew to get the engine back on the track, and second while we waited for another engine to reach us from Welland, and we

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further had to go back down our track five miles to get on to the other track so we could pass our old engine. At St. Thomas we were four hours and a quarter late, and no time was made up, so that we reached Chicago at 7:45 instead of 3:30. This gave me seventeen minutes to get across the city to the Northwestern depot, a distance of two miles. I persuaded a cabman for a consideration to gallop his horse the entire distance, and I then rushed into the depot, and while the ticket agent made out a yard and a half of ticket "saw" the gateman, who agreed to hold the Overland for one minute, but no longer. My ticket was eventually sufficiently marked and punched and stamped, and I rushed down the platform, threw my suit case into the car and climbed over the railing of the observation platform just as the train started, a sufficiently exciting race when it is remembered that there is but one Overland Limited a day, and the next train takes eighteen hours longer to make the run to San Francisco. Our train carried seven sleeping cars, and everything was filled, I believe, except one upper berth. There were only a few ladies on board, as it

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was mainly a train-load of men,—mostly young—all bound clear through to the Coast and evidently drummers bound on catching the San Francisco trade.

Thursday morning I awoke in Carroll, Iowa, just as the Fast Mail was passing, and Council Bluffs, the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific, was reached on time at 8:50. At Omaha we stopped twenty minutes to get another dining car, a new and larger observation car, and an additional sleeper, which came over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Omaha was an important trading post as far back as the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and it is now a great railroad center, with thirteen roads entering the city. This is partially accounted for, however, because the Union Pacific bridge from Council Bluffs to Omaha is the only double track railroad bridge over the Missouri.

The country for the next hundred miles was at this time almost a swamp, and sometimes the railroad seemed to be running through an immense lake, this being the time for the usual spring high water of the Missouri, the Elkhorn, and the Platte rivers,

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whose valleys succeed one another in the order named and whose waters are almost joined in the annual overflow.

At twelve o'clock we reached Columbus, Neb., the county seat of Platte County. In the sixties George Francis Train called Columbus the geographical center of the United States and advocated the removal of the National Capital to this place.

We remained in the valley of the Platte until late in the afternoon. The country, a rich black loam, is, as far as the eye can reach, as flat as a pancake in all directions. The land seemed to be given over mainly to fishing and grazing, the small boys fishing in the meadows for cat and other mud-loving fish and the cattle wading around in water up to their knees. Wood River, two thousand feet above sea level, and one hundred and sixty-nine miles from Omaha, and with a population of eight hundred, is about the center of the cattle country, more stock being shipped from that station than from any other point on the Union Pacific.

At Lexington, which we reached at four o'clock, we finished with the wet country and

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first saw the working of the system of irrigation on the plains, noticing the great diversity of crops made possible by this method of agriculture. Just beyond Lexington is Willow Island, from which Buffalo Bill started with the Grand Duke Alexis on his buffalo hunt over the plains, Generals Custer and Sheridan being also in the party. There was nothing further of interest until we reached North Platte. This town is at the junction of the North and South Platte, is the county seat of Lincoln County, and the chief city of western Nebraska. It is the end of the first passenger division of the Union Pacific and the place where we set our watches back an hour for Central time.

At 6:30 we reached Julesburg, Col., the center of the Indian fighting of the early sixties, and a town with a very exciting history. In the plains about Julesburg once roamed vast herds of buffalo, greater in numbers than the herds of cattle of later years.

Cheyenne, the largest city in Wyoming, was reached a little after eleven, but little could be seen of the town except electric lights. Three miles from Cheyenne is Fort D. A.

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Russell, in which my brother Louis served as surgeon for several years, both before and after the Spanish War.

Friday morning I awoke at five o'clock, just as we were stopping at Walcott, Col. This was a typical frontier town, with a half dozen saloons called "irrigation houses," a few one-story shacks, a dozen tents, and a long row of prairie schooners with stove-pipes running up through their white tops.

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II

THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE—THE SIERRAS—CALIFORNIA

A LITTLE after six we reached Creston, the Continental Divide, and the top of the Rockies on the Union Pacific road, 7,140 feet above sea level instead of 10,418, as over the Tennessee Pass on the Denver & Rio Grande. A little circular sign marks the highest point, and otherwise one would hardly know the crest of the continent had been reached. The scenery is nothing like as beautiful or impressive as that over the Tennessee Pass, and the day's trip, which should have been a fine one from a scenic point of view, was a very monotonous one, mostly through a desert, and an unattractive desert, with its tones mostly of gray. Green River was reached at 9:50, a little town of 1,300 people, famous because of the color of the water of the river,

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which gives it its name, and which runs for a long way over a green shale, and further because just beyond is Fish Cut, in which a Yale geological expedition found great numbers of petrified fishes, some of them eighty feet below the surface, and a small bed containing fossil insects.

We reached Evanston, the last stop in Utah, at 1:30 P. M. Evanston is quite a little town, and is situated just halfway between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast—between Omaha and San Francisco.

The first station in Utah is Echo, the beginning of Echo Canyon, the most interesting points easily recognized from the observation car—Castle Rock, Giant's Teapot, Great Eastern (a cliff, the finest of all,) and Pulpit Rock, and in the Weber Canyon immediately following are Witches Rocks, a collection of various fingers and odd shaped rocks, and the Devil's Slide, two white, gray walls of rock eighteen or twenty feet apart, from twenty to forty feet wide, and running from top to bottom of a mountain, perhaps eight hundred feet. There was little more of interest except occasional glimpses of snow-capped moun-

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tains in the distance, until Ogden was reached, at four o'clock.

Ogden was then a city of 25,000 people, and the next largest in the State to Salt Lake City. As at Salt Lake City, one is greatly impressed by the fact that so large a city can exist on what is really only an oasis in the desert, and it is certainly remarkable to see the vegetation stopping short at the last fence, and to find the same old desolation of sand beginning again as the train passes beyond. When at Ogden two years ago we went to Salt Lake City, getting only a glimpse of the Great Salt Lake itself. This time, however, I went over a new line, the Ogden-Lucia cut-off, a road 102 miles long—72 miles on land and 30 miles on trestle work. The first 15 miles from Ogden the road runs mainly over a sandy bed formerly covered by the Lake, and on each side of the track are evaporating beds in which salt is easily obtained from the lake water, twenty-two per cent. of which is salt in liquid form as against the three per cent. salt of the ocean. There is then 9 miles of trestle over the east arm of the Lake to Promontory Point, then 3 miles of solid road-

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bed, and then 19 miles over the west arm of the Lake, and westward across the great Salt Lake Desert to Umbria, Utah.

Saturday, May 5, I awoke in the morning at six o'clock, just as we were stopping at Humboldt, Nev. Upon looking out of the window I at once recognized this little oasis in the Nevada desert. In addition to the tall poplar trees just leafing out, there was a little orchard of perhaps thirty or forty trees in full bloom. We reached Reno at 8:30, stopping for ten minutes, and going over the State line into California a half hour later, the first station in California being Mystic. The scenery improved as we entered California, and the road until we reached Sacramento, a little after two o'clock, was beautiful. The trip over the Sierras is one long to be remembered, and two hours through the snowsheds makes a very unusual experience. Part of it was unpleasant, and an occasional tunnel choked the train with coal gas, but the fun was worth far more than the inconvenience. The snow was six or eight feet deep on the level, and in places drifted thirty feet, some of the houses being still cov-

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ered to the second story. The first picturesque stage of the road is reached at a little station called Caporn, about 150 miles from San Francisco. There are here the mountains, a chasm and a river two thousand feet below. We traveled rapidly down into Sacramento Valley, and it was strange to remember that two hours before we were in the deep snow of the mountains, and that so little later springtime had come again, the fields being full of yellow poppies and mariposa lilies, the houses covered with roses, and palm trees growing in the open.

We reached Sacramento, the capital of the State, at three o'clock, an hour late, but finally pulled into Oakland practically on time. I soon located Mr. D—— and Mr. S——, the latter the Eastern special agent of the company and a very able adjuster. A room had been reserved for me in a private house at No. 1242 Linden Street, and I moved in at once. The sleeping proposition was not a bad one, because I had a room all to myself, but eating was a different matter. The best of the Oakland restaurants are not good, and with a population suddenly increased to

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more than twice its usual size by the influx from San Francisco, the resources of the town were taxed far beyond its capacity. The restaurants were crowded to suffocation, tedious waiting always occurred, some dishes were served ten minutes before others ordered at the same time, and some never reached one at all, because one preferred to go without them rather than to wait longer; but there was little complaint and every one recognized the pressure under which such places were working. But the eating and the sleeping were trifles, for over all was the blighting shadow of the most stupendous and overwhelming catastrophe of modern times.

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III

SAN FRANCISCO—APPALLING DESTRUCTION—THE MILITARY PATROL

SUNDAY morning Mr. S—— and I went over to San Francisco, returning about three o'clock. The sight of the city was most depressing and the desolation simply indescribable. A general view was best obtained from Knob Hill, and from this eminence as far as the eye could reach in every direction but one nothing could be seen but ruin. The freaks of the earthquake were remarkable. At the lower end of Market Street, near the Ferry Wharf, perhaps the worst general effects were visible, though occasional instances of entire destruction were in evidence in all parts of the city. In different places the earth pressure gave opposite results. In one place an entire street had dropped five or six feet, in another the street had bowed up in the center; in some places the walls of a building had

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fallen, and in others the roof and the interior were gone and the walls remained intact. The old brick buildings suffered most, and the new modern buildings of steel construction the least—undoubtedly because of the elasticity of the metal and the bolting necessary in steel construction. I noticed one large building in course of erection, whose steel frame had just been completed. It had stood the rocking of the earthquake, but a depression of the earth had occurred on one side, causing the entire structure to lean at an angle of perhaps ten degrees.

The most remarkable case of earthquake damage which I saw was St. Dominic's Church. This was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful churches in the city. It was a very large building, situated in the heart of the residence section. No fire had touched it, and yet the destruction was complete. The roof had fallen in and the front wall was gone. One side was bowed out and the entire middle section of the tower had fallen, but the conical ball cap, perhaps fifty feet in a cross section, had not fallen. Such a thing would apparently be impossible, but there it

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remained in its correct architectural position at the top of the steel supports. And within a half block of this overwhelming destruction other buildings were almost unharmed.

Among the dwellings, undoubtedly the small frames best stood the shock. The chimneys fell and the interiors sustained some damage, but in general the buildings remained intact and could be repaired without much expense. But the area in which repairs would answer was confined only to the small residence portion of the city which had not been burned, for the entire section below Van Ness Avenue was totally gone, for what the earthquake had left the fire had devoured.

I was in Baltimore at the time of the big fire there, but the appearance of the ruins in Baltimore was entirely different from that at San Francisco. In Baltimore many of the walls were left standing, but in San Francisco, aside from a small portion of the business part of the city, hardly a wall had stood and the ruins were entirely flat, making it almost impossible to identify street locations.

Coming down from the Flood residence

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and the Hopkins Institute, the ruins of which were recognizable because of their size, I was able to find the streets of Chinatown and to locate the Sing Fat store, the house which every tourist remembers as the great institution of Chinatown; but there was nothing left of it except a part of the side walls, standing perhaps twenty feet in the air. And the rest of the city had gone as thoroughly as had Chinatown.

The St. Francis Hotel was perhaps the least damaged of any large building—about twenty per cent. It could be put in operation again within three months. The Fairmount Hotel was damaged perhaps fifty per cent., and the large Wells-Fargo building perhaps fifty per cent. There was some salvage in the Spreckels building, the Palace Hotel, and the *Call* building, but with the exception of two or three others there was absolutely nothing left in the burned section.

In the unburned residence section above Van Ness Avenue most of the chimneys had fallen, and as the military commander had forbidden the building of fires in any house until after the chimneys had been repaired

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and inspected, one of the most curious sights of all was the numberless stoves in the streets and the cooking going on in front of every house. There was generally a small portable range with a fence of boards or blinds around it to keep off the wind, but often cooking was being done over a little fire made between three or four bricks. The rich were no better off than the poor. The wind blew everywhere and the dirt got into the eyes of all the cooks. Probably the Chinese fared best of all, however, because they did not mind the dirt and their eyes are smoke-proof. [Living under these well-nigh impossible conditions must be a great trial to respectable people, but they must live as they are now living for at least several weeks longer, and it must be many years before San Francisco recovers from her disaster. Her dwellings, her stores, and her large buildings are gone, her car tracks must all be relaid and her streets repaired, the gas mains and the water pipes must be replaced, more than half of her population has gone, many never to return, her merchants are bankrupt, her banks full of worthless paper, and her local securities in

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some cases are not worth twenty cents on the dollar. Her libraries, her museums, her art galleries are gone, and her great educational institutions, including Stanford and California universities, are severely crippled. Will she recover? Yes—in time.]

Monday and Tuesday I put in about the hardest work of my life. It was almost impossible to secure the services of a stenographer or other clerical help, and any work which one wanted done had to be done by one's self. After completing my scheduling I could do nothing more in San Francisco until the list had been checked up and every policy entry verified from an original record. This could hardly be finished before Monday, so I concluded to start Wednesday morning for Los Angeles to look over the business of the C—— at that place. At San Jose our train was brought to a stop by the wreck of the Sunset Limited, which had occurred half an hour before. The wreck was a very peculiar one. The engine was derailed and turned crosswise on the track and seven of the cars went off the track entirely. One of the Pullman passengers had been killed

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and twenty-five more or less seriously injured. About the wreck temporary track had to be built, which took seven or eight hours. Finding I could not get into Los Angeles until three or four o'clock in the morning I decided to spend the day at San Jose, taking the night train from that point. San Jose was worth visiting. In proportion to its size it had suffered worse from the earthquake than had San Francisco. All its large business buildings had been wrecked and many small ones.

While I was in San Jose soldiers were patrolling the streets and occasionally a sentry was engaged in keeping people from crossing an imaginary dead line. I was strolling about without looking carefully at my immediate surroundings when suddenly I felt something sharp pricking me in the side. I turned to see what the trouble was and started to say quite severely, "What in time are you doing?"

And then, seeing that I had a soldier to deal with, who looked as if he didn't care very much for bank presidents anyway, I stammered a little and ended my sentence

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very mildly, merely saying in a gentle voice; "What are you doing?"

"I am sticking you in the ribs with a bayonet," replied the soldier.

"That's what I thought you were doing," said I, moving back from the zone of proscription, and, as the soldier didn't seem to take any further interest in the matter, I also concluded to regard the incident as closed.

I returned to the hotel shortly afterwards, to await the night train to my next stopping place.

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IV

LOS ANGELES—YOSEMITE VALLEY—MARIPOSA BIG TREES

THURSDAY morning I arrived at Los Angeles, getting a good look at the ocean oil wells, and later at the famous California pigeon ranch, with its thousands of pigeons circling round tier upon tier of boxes in which they nest, and in the course of the day finished my work at Los Angeles.

Finding the Yosemite Valley open, and learning that I could make a trip thereto and still return to San Francisco early in the week, I concluded to take the owl train for Berenda, and go into the Valley from that point. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays a special tourist car is sent into Raymond, but on other days the entrance is somewhat tedious, as it is necessary to change cars at Berenda at 3:30 A. M. There is then a wait until 4:45, when a local train carries

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you into Raymond. From this point the journey is made by stage, and is long and very tiresome. Breakfast was taken at six o'clock, and I started on the eighteen-hour stage ride at seven. I had gone to bed early the night before, however, and had had about my usual quota of sleep before reaching Berenda. The four horses of the stage are changed every eight or ten miles, depending on the grades over which they are driven. A stop of an hour is made at Ahwona, at twelve o'clock, for a very good lunch, and at six the hotel at Wawona is reached. The grove of big trees, *sequoia gigantea,* is seven miles from this point, and is generally visited on the return trip from the Valley. There is little at Wawona but the hotel, the store, the post office and the Hill studio, the latter being interesting as the workshop of Thomas Hill, the greatest of Yosemite artists.

Saturday morning I started again at 6:30, reaching the Sentinel Hotel at Yosemite at noon. The last hour or more of the stage ride was intensely interesting, the views becoming wider and more wild and rugged until the climax was reached at Inspiration

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Point. The view from here is probably the finest of its kind in the world. I know I shall never forget it. To one's left is El Capitan, the most remarkable of cliffs, and to my mind the most beautiful thing in the Valley. On the right are the Bridal Veil Falls and the Cathedral Rocks. El Capitan is a bald square continuous front of solid granite, mounting up at a single bound two-thirds of a mile, with no stepping stones or halfway landing places, making this great buttress the only one of its kind. Its height is accentuated by the fact that growing in a niche halfway to the summit is a great pine tree eighty feet in height, which, from the bottom of the cliff, looks no larger than a fern—in fact, you have to look twice to see it at all. The summit of the cliff is 3300 feet above the floor of the Valley. Across the Valley from El Capitan are the Cathedral Rocks, of somewhat lesser altitude, reaching a height of 2600 feet; from one of them pours the Bridal Veil Falls. The Bridal Veil has a width of only about 30 feet at the top, but as the height of the fall is more than 600 feet and a breeze is generally blowing, the water spreads very

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considerably before finally reaching the mountain's foot, adding much to its beauty and showing the source of its name. During the spring there are many waterfalls tumbling over the walls of the Valley, but most of these dry up when the snow is melted, say, about the first of August. There is one of them, the Ribbon Falls, on the north side of the Valley and a little beyond the Bridal Veil, which has an almost vertical descent of two thousand feet, and then makes a further bound of more than a thousand feet. The Yosemite Falls are about a third of the way back from the Valley entrance, and at their base is the Sentinel Hotel, where we spent our nights while in the Valley. There are three divisions to the Yosemite Falls. The upper fall has a descent of 1600 feet and is about 35 feet wide at the upper edge. The middle fall is a series of cascades, with a total descent of 400 feet. The third is a straight fall of 600 feet. The Yosemite is a beautiful fall, but the water is very low in the summer, if indeed it does not entirely dry up.

There are too many beautiful peaks and

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other masses of rock to describe all, but probably I ought to make mention of two others. One of them, the Half Dome, is at the upper end of the Valley and its highest point is more than 5000 feet above the Valley floor. The other is Glacier Point, from which a mighty sweep of the snow-covered Sierras for hundreds of miles can be seen, as well as some twenty square miles of the Valley and the adjacent territory.

There are also two other waterfalls which I visited, with Mirror Lake, on Sunday morning. These two falls are the Vernal and the Nevada. Over both of these tumbles the entire Merced River, the stream which flows through the Valley, and both are reached by a steep trail, which is usually followed on the back of a mule. The Vernal is reached first, and is 350 feet high and the river about 80 feet wide. Between the top of this fall and the base of the Nevada, three-quarters of a mile further up, the river is very rapid and different sections of it have distinctive names, such as Silver Apron, Diamond Cascade, etc., etc. The Nevada is 605 feet high, and is perhaps the most beautiful of all the Yo-

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semite falls. It is a fall of snow, a sheet of silver, and a cascade of diamonds. It is certainly the most beautiful fall I ever saw.

Mirror Lake is a quiet little sheet of water on whose bosom is reflected the Half Dome and other surrounding mountains. In its upper end by some peculiar trick of light a double reflection is shown, where side by side are seen the tall pine trees, some of them pictured as standing properly on end and the others upside down.

At one o'clock on Sunday I started on my return stage trip. It differed little from the journey into the Valley, except that we saw several deer that gazed curiously at us and apparently without fear, one or two coyotes, that scurried off at a great rate, and many rabbits, cotton-tails and jacks, and geese and quail, a covey of the latter breaking cover at every turn of the road.

Monday morning a small party of us started an hour and a half earlier than the regular stage, in order to drive to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. This grove contains about six hundred trees scattered over ten square miles, but does not make as much

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of a show as the redwoods at Santa Cruz. However, it contains a number of famous trees, a few which, I believe, are larger than any of the redwoods. The Grizzly Giant is one hundred and nine feet around the base and is said to be the largest tree in the world. The Mariposa trees are also redwoods, although of a different species, and in appearance are much like the Santa Cruz trees. Although the largest of the trees are at Mariposa, on the whole I think the Santa Cruz grove is the more satisfactory to visit. The trees are more numerous, are much easier to reach, and the grouping is rather more impressive.

At Berenda, at eight o'clock, a sleeper was waiting upon our arrival, and in the course of the night was picked up by the owl train from Los Angeles and landed at Oakland at nine o'clock the next morning.

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V

SAN FRANCISCO AGAIN—NORTHWARD—MOUNT SHASTA—MOUNT RANIER—CANADA

AT San Francisco I put in another hard day's work on Tuesday, passing upon the individual adjustments which were ready, and with Mr. D—— definitely fixing the policy to be followed by both companies with relation to earthquake losses, buildings which were dynamited, etc.

Tuesday evening I took the Limited over the Shasta Route for Portland and Seattle, and this trip, as truly stated in the railroad literature, is over "the road of a thousand wonders." The road follows the Sacramento Valley until the river of that name becomes simply a little rushing mountain brook, and all day long on Wednesday we were among the most beautiful mountains. The charm of the trip which overshadowed all other

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things, however, was Mount Shasta, the most satisfactory of all show mountains, a majestic, snow-covered peak rising to a height of 14,-444 feet, while the surrounding country is less than 4000 feet above sea level. We saw the mountain for the first time about ten o'clock in the morning, just after passing the hotel and bath-house at Shasta Springs, but were in sight of it until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we began to descend the Siskiyou Mountains, the other side of the range. The railroad is a marvel of engineering, and as it winds its way through the Pass makes many loops, and in several places we could see the track over which we had crossed, on three different levels beneath us.

We reached Portland at 7:30 Thursday morning, starting again for Seattle at 8:30 over the Northern Pacific. The first hundred miles is the prettiest of the trip, the train running along the banks of the Willamette and Columbia rivers and being constantly in sight of Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens. Mount Hood, very much like Shasta, is a majestic peak of rock, mainly covered

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with snow, 11,000 feet high, rising abruptly above the surrounding country. Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens are beautiful mountain peaks,—not so high as Mt. Hood, but high enough to be seen and enjoyed for many miles. Both mountains are completely covered with snow at this time of year, the downy mantle being as soft and smooth and white as if it had just fallen, with not a rock breaking through the whole pure expanse.

The Columbia River is crossed on a ferry, the cars being taken over upon the boat. The scenery at this point is that of the typical Oregon country, with hills of fair elevation covered with pine and fir. Just before three o'clock we reached Tacoma, which was rather a disappointment to me. For some years Tacoma and Seattle were rivals, but Tacoma being a one-railroad town gradually fell behind, while Seattle forged ahead until it far outdistanced its former rival. Even that lovely peak, Mount Tacoma, which is nearer the city of that name than to Seattle, is now claimed by the latter town as its special mountain, and the official name of the mountain is

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now Mount Ranier. However, by whatever name it goes, it is hard to excel spectacularly, and is outshone only by Mount Shasta, a mountain of about the same height and which it much resembles.

We reached Seattle at 4:30, and I spent the night at the home of a cousin. We filled in the next day in looking over the buildings and generally seeing the city. I left for Vancouver over the Great Northern at 4:30 P. M. Seattle is a fine Western city, with good paved streets and many modern, up-to-date buildings and stores. A good deal of money is being spent in the business part of the city in cutting down the hills and generally reducing the tremendous grades. As at San Francisco, the hills have made cable cars necessary, though electricity is used on a few of the more level routes.

The railroad trip from Seattle to Vancouver is not particularly interesting, though for the first few hours it runs along the shores of Puget Sound. The Sound reminded me very much of Frenchman's Bay on the Maine coast. It has the same wide stretches of water, many little rocky islands covered with

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fir and pine, and larger islands similar to those just before reaching Bar Harbor.

Canadian territory is reached at Blaine, where the custom-house officials boarded the train and examined the baggage. It was a mere formality, however, and the entire train-load was passed in fifteen minutes and with no inconvenience to the passengers. We arrived in Vancouver at 10:15, and I spent the night at the Vancouver, the fine hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

I had now reached the point furthest west on my present itinerary, and must here turn toward home.

I started for the long trip eastward from Vancouver to Toronto over the Canadian Pacific the next morning, Saturday, at eight o'clock, taking the Imperial Limited. The Canadian trains are somewhat different from our own, and probably not quite so good. They do not compare with our limited trains, although the cars are big and are made entirely of mahogany, inside and out. The C. P. R. R. does not use Pullmans, but manufactures its own sleeping cars, which are not quite so complete as those across the line.

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The scenery from Vancouver is superb. The depot is on the shore of Barraud Inlet, which resembles a little Swiss lake, and immediately across it are the Cascade Mountains, with their snow-clad peaks rising five thousand feet above the cars. The train crosses the Frazer River in a few minutes, and then for more than half a day follows this large river, through a fertile valley and then into the Frazer River Canyon. A dozen "Mirror" lakes are passed, and as large as twenty Yosemite Mirror lakes, each reflecting the high mountains about it. About one hundred miles east of Vancouver the real canyon begins, at Yale, a little town absolutely surrounded by mountains rising abruptly to a great height on all sides. Indian huts are seen on the other side of the river, and a joss house in sight in the village indicates the presence of Chinamen, many of whom we saw later washing gold (washing certainly seems to be a specialty of Chinamen) on the river below the town. Chinamen, Japs, and Indians seemed to compose about all the population of this part of the world. The servants in the hotels were

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Chinamen or Japs. Most of the section hands on the railroad were also Japs, and the Indians could be seen everywhere, either selling baskets at the stations or working at the salmon nets on the river. Salmon were just beginning to run, so not much fishing was going on, but everywhere along the river were the spears, the dip nets, and little pole platforms on which the fish are dried.

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VI

ON THE C. P. R. R.—MATCHLESS SCENERY—THOMPSON RIVER CANYON—ILLECILLEWAET RIVER

THE next station after Yale is Spuzzum, where the railroad crosses the river on a suspension bridge and continues for a dozen miles further, through an almost continuous canyon, the scenery of which the railroad folio describes as "matchless." It is certainly fine. Ten miles beyond Spuzzum is Hell Gate, the narrowest point of the canyon, and here the great river, which reminds me much of the rushing, muddy Colorado, is forced between high vertical walls and madly foams and dashes upon ponderous masses of fallen rock. During the time of freshet it is said that in this narrow place the river sometimes rises 120 feet above its winter level, while

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the month of August often sees the eddies packed with salmon, their black fins out of the water as they rest preparatory to making a rush around the next point. A couple of hours later the railroad again crosses the river, leaving the valley of the Frazer and entering the canyon of the Thompson River. The mountains draw together at this point, and the railroad winds along the face of the cliffs hundreds of feet above the struggling river. The gorge becomes narrower and deeper, and the scenery is wild beyond description, and it is a different sort of wildness from anything else I have seen elsewhere. The country is all volcanic in its origin and the cliffs are brilliant with blacks and vivid reds and yellows, and now and then through breaks in the canyon walls snow peaks are seen above the clouds. It was just above Lytton, in Nicomen, a little village in the Thompson canyon, that gold was discovered in British Columbia in 1857.

A little after four o'clock we reached Ashcroft, a hot, dry, dusty little town in the midst of desert surroundings, the familiar sage brush growing over the rocky, treeless

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hills,—a forlorn, forbidding place. Yet Ashcroft is in its way a place of considerable importance, for it is a point of departure for the Cariboo and other interior gold fields of northern British Columbia, and trains of freight wagons—the old-fashioned prairie schooners drawn by from four to ten yoke of oxen—and long strings of pack mules laden with merchandise arrive and depart daily.

Twenty-two miles farther on we reached a very different country, striking Kamloops Lake at Savannas, and following the south shore for twenty miles. It is a pretty little sheet of water, and on its opposite shore can be seen the quicksilver mines. Kamloops, at the head of the lake, is a city of nearly two thousand people. The north fork of the Thompson here comes down over the mountains. Steamboats are on the lake and sawmills with Chinese laborers are busy turning the Canadian forest into lumber. Opposite Kamloops is an Indian Reservation, overlooked by St. Paul's Mountain.

Intending to view the mountains by daylight, I left the train at Sicamous at 9:15,

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staying over night at the C. P. R. R. hotel at that place, starting eastward again at 7:15 Sunday morning. It seemed to me that the ride to Sicamous through the Cascade range and the Frazer and Thompson canyons would be hard to excel, but Sunday's ride exceeded it both in beauty and grandeur. From Sicamous we started at once the ascent of the Eagle River valley, which cuts through the Gold range. At the next station, with the outlandish name of Craigellachie, the last spike was driven in the C. P. R. R. November 7, 1885, the rails from the east and the west meeting here. Following up the valley, four beautiful lakes are met in quick succession—Griffin, Three Valley, Victor, and Summit, each occupying the entire valley and forcing the railroad into the mountain sides. Summit Lake, 4300 feet, is the highest point reached in Eagle Pass, and here we descended in the next eight miles to the Columbia River and the town of Revelstoke, a city of three thousand people, and a gateway to the West Kootenay mining camps. The Columbia goes around the Selkirks, to be met with again on the other side,

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while the railroad goes right through them in the most beautiful trip it has even been my fortune to take.

Leaving Revelstoke the mountains are entered by the valley of the Illecillewaet, a river which deserves a more beautiful name, for it is certainly one of the most beautiful of streams, with its rushing, foaming water, green from the glacial detritus, and the wild, deep canyons through which it flows. The most striking of these canyons is the Albert, where the river is seen 150 feet below the railroad, compressed into a boiling flume hardly twenty feet wide. The gorge is occasionally of considerable width and is filled with the gigantic pines for which British Columbia is famous. There were also many silver mines along the crest of the lofty hills north of the railroad. Just before reaching the summit of the Selkirks, Sir Donald is seen, the highest mountain of them all, 10,808 feet. The Illecillewaet is finally crossed,—for the thirteenth and last time,—and turning to the left and crossing the valley the railroad forms a double loop, like the letter S, and continues to ascend around the mountain side,

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reaching the station of Glacier and the Glacier House, where we stopped thirty minutes for lunch. The hotel is within a few minutes' walk of the glacier, which I was told is larger than any glacier in Europe. It is not the largest in the Selkirks, but is the most accessible. From the Glacier House some of the finest peaks in the mountains can be seen.

From Glacier to Field there is some of the finest scenery in the world, and we entered at once upon the climax of grandeur through Rogers Pass, a gorge between Mount Macdonald and Mount Tupper, which originally were probably one mountain. In one place the cleft is so narrow that a little fir tree falling across has made a natural bridge from one side to the other. The Pass lies between two lines of huge, snow-clad peaks, those on the north rising nearly six thousand feet above the valley, and in one place, where the grade is steep and the train goes very slowly, six large glaciers may be seen, so near that the green fissures in the ice are distinctly visible. The Pass has been reserved by the government as a national park. Much of the trouble from snow in winter occurs at this

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place, and on both the east and west slopes of the Selkirks miles of snow sheds have been built, but in the summer the train goes round the sheds on other tracks at points where the scenery is most beautiful. From Bear Creek the line descends the left bank of the Beaver River. There are several high bridges and from one of them, which crosses where Mountain Creek comes into the Beaver, one of the most beautiful views of the whole journey can be had. The builders of the road were so impressed with the charm of this magnificent picture of mountains that they named this spot "The Surprise," and in looking up the valley a long line of the higher peaks of the Selkirks can be seen piled one upon the other as if in line of battle, with Mount Sir Donald at the head.

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VII

CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK—THE GREAT DIVIDE—"SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA"—"HOODOOS"

IN a few minutes more we were at Beaver Mouth, the most northerly station on the transcontinental route. The line soon turns sharply to the south, however, ascending the valley of its old friend, the Columbia River, the Selkirks and the Rockies crowding in together and forcing the river through a deep and narrow gorge. As the train emerges from the canyon a magnificent view of the Rockies is obtained, the ranges rising one upon another. The road soon crosses the river at Donald and then runs up the Columbia on the lower foothills of the Rockies, giving in turn a full view of the Selkirks opposite. The beauty of the scenery at this point is beyond description, and yet it is only one of many beautiful views on this wonderful mountain ride. We had

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hardly got acquainted with the Columbia again when we turned sharply to the right, entering the Kicking Horse canyon. The railroad goes into this vast canyon, crossing the river from side to side on ledges cut into the solid rock, every minute or two plunging through angles which seem to bar the way. The towering cliffs almost cut off the sunlight in places and the roaring of the river and the train is increased many fold by the echoing walls of stone. Just before reaching the next station, Leanchoil, we entered the Canadian National Park, the largest of its kind in the world, containing six thousand square miles, twice the size of our Yellowstone Park. In it are embraced the Yoho Valley, with its twin falls and in part resembling the Yosemite; the Great Divide, the Lakes in the Clouds, the Bow Valley, and many magnificent peaks of the Rockies. At this point the Beaverfoot comes into the Kicking Horse River, and we followed this stream to the summit of the Rockies. Mount Goodsir, the highest of the Ottertail group, rising 11,663 feet, is seen from the next station.

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We reached Field on time at 5:40 P. M. Field was the supper station, and the train stopped half an hour. I decided to spend the night at the C. P. R. R. hotel, to finish up the Rocky Mountain scenery in the day-time. Field seemed to be a favorite stopping place for tourists. The hotel is good and it is the point from which the great glacier field can be reached. Good trails lead in every direction, and several peaks 12,000 to 13,000 feet high can be climbed from this point. Swiss guides are stationed here to accompany climbers. Emerald Lake is seven miles away, and on the shoulders of Mount Stephen, just back of the hotel, is a fossil bed which is of considerable interest. The view of the snow-covered mountain peaks from the hotel is superb. Leaving at 6:30 Monday morning we continued eastward, at once in the midst of scenery which was almost overwhelming in its beauty. The line ascends rapidly, crossing the deep gorge of the Kicking Horse and skirting the shores of Lake Wapta. The summit is reached at Stephen, 5321 feet, but this is of course the summit only from the engineering point of view, and

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everywhere are peaks towering many thousands of feet above us. The highest peak is marked by a rustic sign, which reads "The Great Divide," and, wonderful as it may seem, almost at its feet is a little stream whose waters are here separated by a slight ledge of rock, the water on one side flowing into the Pacific and the other into Hudson Bay.

The station of Laggan was reached at eight o'clock, and here we set our watches forward one hour, for Mountain time. Laggan is a great place for tourists. Ponies can be taken for Lake Louise and the other "lakes in the clouds," for Emerald Lake, for Mirror Lake, and for a still higher ascent to Lake Agnes. Trails also lead to Paradise Valley, to the Valley of the Ten Peaks, and to other sequestered spots. The C. P. R. R. brings over a number of Swiss guides each year, and one is always stationed at Lake Louise.

The road now ran down the Bow River Valley and there were still many magnificent peaks in sight—Storm Mountain, 10,309 feet; Mount Ball, 10,825 feet; and Mount Temple, 11,626 feet in height, being the finest.

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We reached Banff at 10:20. This is the station for the Canadian National Park and Hot Springs, a place to the development of which the C. P. R. R. is bending all its energies. It is advertised as the "Switzerland of America," and it is properly so called. There are mountains on every side, with a sublimity of snow-capped peaks and rocky steeps, and through them radiate many charming valleys containing lovely lakes. A large and beautiful C. P. R. R. hotel has been built on the banks of the Bow, and to it have been brought in pipes the waters of Sulphur Mountain, which at the Spring have a temperature of 114 degrees. The valley of the Bow is like the Yosemite, surrounded by gray granite cliffs, and is well worth going a long way to see. The finest view is obtained from a sort of "Inspiration Point" on Sulphur Mountain. There are also several glaciers within easy reach, and just above the hotel the combined waters of the Spray and the Bow take a leap over a precipice. There is also a Ghost River, which rises under the shadow of Devil's Head Mountain. The

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crag contains deep caves, and the water disappears, the river running along with mysterious subterranean rumblings, which manifestations were said to be quite beyond the comprehension of the original Indian inhabitants, who saw in these deep rumblings issuing from the bowels of the earth displeasure of supernatural powers.

After leaving Banff the train passes a corral of eight hundred acres, in which are a herd of buffalo and many antelopes and other deer. The second station beyond is Canmore, near which there are large coal mines. The most interesting thing about the place, however, is the fact that on a little hill immediately behind the station is a group of curiously weathered, conglomerate monuments, made by generations past and gone, and which the local residents now call "hoodoos." The C. P. R. R. certainly has a knack of bringing a lot of wonderful things within plain sight of its trains. We finally passed through the Gap, a narrow passage between two vertical walls, the gateway by which the Bow River issues from the hills,

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and the crossing of the Rockies had been made, and within an hour afterward we were within the rounded grassy foothills, and extensive ranches came into view and were passed as the train went eastward.

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VIII

CALGARY—THE MOUNTED POLICE—MOOSE JAW—TREELESS COUNTRY

AT one o'clock we stopped at Calgary, a city of 12,000 people, in the midst of the plain, and an important station of that famous body of men, the Mounted Police, who patrol the whole of Canada and make it almost as safe and law-abiding in the wilds as in the cities. Fifty miles further at Langdon, where there is a 10,000-acre farm of the Canadian Land & Ranch Company, the last sight of the Rockies faded away, and we were started on a trip of nearly a thousand miles across the plains to Winnipeg. The land is well watered, and much of the time the train is skirting the edge of little lakes or actually passing through them, the tracks being slightly raised above the water. At Crowfoot there is a large reservation occu-

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pied by the Blackfoot Indians, some of whom were seen about the station. Herds of fine cattle were in every direction, and many horses. The latter were mostly heavy draft horses, larger than those on our own Western plains, and selling for a hundred dollars apiece on the range.

We gradually descended from our elevated plateau, reaching Medicine Hat, having an elevation of 2200 feet, at seven o'clock. This is quite a town and contains 3500 people. It is north of Central Montana, and is generally known in the United States as the place where all our great northwestern storms brew, yet the snowfall is lighter and the winter shorter than anywhere else in Canada east of the Rockies. This section contains many natural gas wells. The Saskatchewan River is navigable from this place to Winnipeg, eight hundred miles.

There is little more to be seen but plains, lakes, and ranches for a long way east. Just below Maple Creek Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, was captured by a Canadian Mounted Police officer after the massacre of General Custer and his cavalrymen, and further along

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the line there are a number of immense ranches, one of them at Swift Current having an annual round-up of sixteen thousand sheep. The country, is absolutely treeless from Cypress Hills to the eastern border of the Regina Plain, two hundred miles, but the soil is excellent nearly everywhere.

At Moose Jaw there is a city of seven thousand people and a good C. P. R. R. hotel. At this place is the junction with the Soo Line, and the direct line to St. Paul, trains running through to the international boundary line at Portal. Forty miles beyond Moose Jaw is Regina, a city of eight thousand people, and the capital of the province of Saskatchewan. Just outside Regina are the headquarters of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—the officers' quarters, the barracks, storehouses, etc., of this organization of 840 men making quite a village.

We reached the station of Broadview, a railway divisional point, at 8:15 Tuesday morning, again setting our watches forward one hour, for Central time. All day long we traveled over the plains, an absolutely treeless country. The long, wide, endless

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stretches of short brown grass seemed lonesome beyond expression, nothing, absolutely nothing, to be seen, not a house and not even a station for many miles; but we enjoyed the quiet restfulness of the day's ride, which in a way was a relief after the strenuous days of mountain riding. The passengers dozed, dreamed, or read, the men smoked, and occasionally the ladies were sufficiently energetic to play cards, but the atmosphere of the train was soporific, as we rushed across the continent at the breakneck speed of twenty-one miles an hour, which the Canadian Pacific averages in its continental run. Occasionally stops for a few minutes were made for water, and generally a few Indians were lounging round the station, with polished horns or baskets for sale, but they also were lazy and did not seem to care particularly whether purchasers were found or not. Along toward noon the country changed a little and became more rolling, taking on somewhat the look of our own Western prairies. Occasional trees were seen, and hundreds of mirror lakes covered with ducks, geese, and pelicans. Gradually we

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reached the wheat country, and at two o'clock stopped at Brandon, one of the largest grain markets in Manitoba, with a population of ten thousand people.

In California the farmers were haying and cutting their first crop of grain. Here it was early spring, wheat was two or three inches high, plowing was going on, and the air still had the feel of winter. The great changes of climate make one of the many interesting items in a transcontinental trip. In Canada there is no winter wheat. It is all planted in the spring months, but is often ready for threshing in ninety days after it is planted. The summer days are hot and long in this northern country, with lots of sunshine and with the light lasting until half past ten at night, and the rich black soil is very fertile, giving, as merely an ordinary crop, thirty bushels of wheat to the acre.

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IX

WINNIPEG—A LAND BOOM— LAKE SUPERIOR—TORONTO—HOME

AT 5:40 we reached Winnipeg, a large city of one hundred thousand people. In it are the principal offices of the C. P. R. R. between Montreal and Vancouver, and also the principal station of the great Hudson Bay Company, the old corporation which at one time really owned almost all of Canada. The train stopped for an hour, and I took a walk up the main street, which is an exceedingly wide one, called Broadway, and paved very badly with wooden blocks which are cross sections of small trees. The place contained a number of modern brick and stone buildings, but most of the houses were small affairs. Winnipeg is considerable of a town, nevertheless, is the capital of the province of

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Manitoba, and plays an important part in Canadian affairs.

During the night one important place, Kenora, was passed. This town is at the principal outlet of the Lake of the Woods, the largest body of water touched by the C. P. R. R. between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. Kenora owes its size, 5500 people, and importance to its position on the lake and its proximity to various other lakes. From Kenora to Fort William, which we passed at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, the country is wild and the railroad is constantly in sight of beautiful little rockbound lakes surrounded by forests of pine and fir.

Fort William, with 7500 people, is on the Kaministikwia River, a short distance from its entrance into Lake Superior. The river is broad enough and deep enough for navigation to this point by large boats, and is a very beautiful stream. The railroad runs along its banks for some distance before reaching Fort William, and its waters are almost black as it travels through the woods. It flows rapidly over a rocky bed and is a succession of foaming cascades. Fort William is a grain

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city, with many large elevators and the people were anticipating the coming of another railroad when we passed, and its real estate was booming. A suburban subdivision had been run 'way out into the woods where, 'tis true, most of the stumps had been taken out of the newly cut streets, but lot holders would still have to do some stump pulling and burning before building. Here we put our watches forward an hour again, for Eastern time.

Three miles from Fort William, and connected with it by electric cars, is Port Arthur, another town of about the same size situated on Timber Bay, which is an arm of and really the north coast of Lake Superior. From here the road runs for sixty miles along the coast of Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water in the world. The scenery is well worth viewing. The hills are low, but are bare and jagged, and many capes and promontories jut out into the lake, and at times the roadbed has been cut into a ledge of this solid rock. The weather at this time was cold and the trees had not begun to bud. Near Messarabi, where Dog Lake is crossed, a

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short portage connects the waters flowing southward into Lake Superior and those flowing northward into Hudson Bay, furs being brought here from the far north for shipment east of this point. The lands belong to the province of Ontario and are open for settlement, but there are few inhabitants. There is some farming on a small scale near the stations, but the principal industry is still timber cutting, although there is some trade in furs.

No other town of importance was passed until we reached Sudbury, early Thursday morning. This, a small town of three thousand people, is the junction of the Soo Line leading off to Lake Huron and to Sault Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior. Within a few miles of Sudbury are the most extensive copper and nickel deposits known in the world, and near by is the Moose Mountain range, the largest iron range in Canada.

North Bay was reached at 6:30. This city has a population of five thousand, and is situated on Lake Nipissing, a beautiful sheet of water twenty miles long and ninety wide. There are a number of small steamers on the

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lake and it is much frequented by sportsmen. At this point our track became part of the Grand Trunk Line and we left the main line of the C. P. R. R. at Nipissing Junction, starting from that point almost due south for Toronto. The line was through the great forest and lake region of Muskoka, whose villages are chiefly maintained by the lumber business. This beautiful region is one hundred feet above the level of Lake Huron and is a perfect network of lakes, ponds, and rapid streams filled with brook and lake trout, bass and pickerel. Grouse and deer are plentiful in their season.

From the station of Gravenhurst, Lake Muskoka is reached, with its surrounding summer resorts. The country is very thinly settled and most of it is still uncleared. It is rocky, and there are apparently few roads.

From this point to Toronto the country has no remarkable or salient features calling for particular mention, save that it had all the aspects of an unsettled country till within a few hours' ride of Toronto.

I was surprised throughout the entire trip to find how small is the population in a great

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part of the Dominion and what a wild, primitive unsettled country it is. Two hundred and fifty miles west of Toronto it is practically a wilderness.

We reached Toronto at three o'clock. I found the 24th of May to be Victoria Day, the anniversary of the Queen's birth, and a public holiday scrupulously kept, not a store or a business house open.

Toronto is a fine city, although I did not have time to see much of it. It is about the same size as Washington, but it is a good deal more of a business city—in fact, it is the second largest city in the Dominion, and its Parliament Houses are handsome brown stone buildings situate in the middle of a large park. One of the approaches to it is by way of College Avenue, a beautiful street lined with educational institutions of all kinds.

I had to stop in Toronto to see the President of the S—— Assurance Company of that city, so necessarily stayed all night, stopping at the King Edward Hotel. I could not complete my business with the S—— Company until the next afternoon, when I

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boarded the train for New York City, at 5:20 Friday, arriving Saturday at 7:20 A. M, over the New York Central.

I stopped in New York for a couple of hours to see whether our bonds had been advantageously sold, returning to Washington on the B. & O., arriving at 3:50.

The trip I had was one I shall remember for a long time. It took me through a wonderful country, much of it new to me, and while it was a busy one and in some respects a disheartening trip—for the C—— losses at San Francisco were so large that its trustees decided to liquidate the company—it combined much pleasure with the business portion of it.

Acknowledgment is made to the Canadian Pacific for facts obtained from its official "itinerary."

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THE MEXICAN TRIP

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THE MEXICAN TRIP

I

"ON TO MEXICO"—"BLEEDING KANSAS"—OKLAHOMA—TEXAS

IN November, 1909, I was invited by Mr. S——, son of a former Governor of the District of Columbia, to go with him upon a trip of inspection over the line of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad, the Stilwell Road, which was then building, having something like 1100 miles completed out of its total contemplated length of 1600 miles. I had never been into Mexico, excepting to Juarez, the Mexican town just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, and the prospect of going all through Mexico and spending several days in the City of Mexico itself was very attractive.

We left Washington for Chicago at 11:55

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A. M. on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, cutting out the usual Thanksgiving dinner at home, because we had to meet the rest of the party in Chicago the next day. We reached Chicago over the Pennsylvania Limited at 8:45 Friday morning and went at once to the Congress Hall, formerly the Auditorium Annex, and there met Mr. Stilwell, the president and builder of the K. C., M. & O. and thirty or forty of our fellow travelers.

At 5:30 the same afternoon we left for Kansas City over the Rock Island in a special train of seven cars; Mr. Stilwell's private car, a baggage and club car, a dining car and four compartment sleepers composed entirely of staterooms and drawing-rooms. My Washington friend and I were assigned to stateroom J in a car named Pegasus, but finding stateroom I, which communicated with room J, to be unoccupied I took possession of it, so that we each had a separate room throughout the trip, and as it was necessary to make up only one berth in each room we were unusually comfortable.

There were sixty passengers on the train, eight or ten officials of the road and fifty

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or more other men, mainly from banks or other financial institutions in the Eastern States. This was my first experience on a long dead-head trip, and the first time I ever traveled on a stag train. S—— and I were about the youngest men in the crowd, and as most of the others had the solid financial look about them which speaks of good habits I expected we should keep fairly respectable on the journey. There seemed to be a considerable amount of liquor aboard the club car, however, and there were various card games going.

Saturday morning (November 27) at eight o'clock we reached Kansas City, and at 9:30 we assembled at the office of the United States & Mexican Trust Company, of which Mr. Stilwell is also president. The Kansas City office of the Trust Company was originally its headquarters, but is now only a branch, the main office being on the twenty-sixth floor of the Singer Building in New York City.

At the Trust Company office we were all put into automobiles and taken for a fifty-mile ride over the city system of boulevards,

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traveling throughout the run at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The ride this day was, I think, over substantially the same ground which we covered in the automobile ride given us three or four years ago when our special train stopped at Kansas City on the way back from the convention of the American Bankers' Association at St. Louis.

We left Kansas City at ten o'clock, arriving at Wichita, Kan., at 7 P. M. Here we stopped for the night, so that we could start over the first completed section of the Orient Road by daylight.

During the evening a little reception was given to us in the Commercial Club at Wichita and a number of speeches were made, all tending to prove beyond a doubt that Kansas is the greatest State in the Union, that Wichita is the finest of Kansas cities, and that the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad is destined to be the greatest railroad ever built. Aside from the entertainment furnished by our hosts, the amusements in the town were very limited, and we turned into our berths at ten o'clock.

Sunday, November 28.—It rained all last

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night and this morning we awoke in the midst of a "norther," with a high wind and a very low temperature. We started from Wichita at seven o'clock, but few of us were up to see the start. Attached to the train was a flat car with a railing round all sides of it, and a double line of benches around the center. Had the weather been good I think we should all have spent the day on the flat car, looking at the country and probably listening to a lecture from Mr. Stilwell. The combination of rain and wind and cold was too much, however, and the flat car was practically unoccupied to-day.

From the Oklahoma line we traveled in an entirely new country, which before the advent of the Orient had scarcely an inhabitant. To-day there are cultivated farms each side of the track and numerous towns, one having four thousand people. During the day's ride the country had been mainly a rolling prairie, with no trees, but with an immensely fertile soil susceptible of a high state of cultivation. The continuous rain—for the weather had not improved—made the roadbed very soft, and our rate of travel to-day had hardly been

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at the rate of fifteen miles; but notwithstanding our slow running the train rocked from side to side like a vessel in a storm at sea.

We reached Altus, just across the old Indian Territory line, at nine, the train again laying over for the night on a siding.

Monday, November 29.—Our norther was still with us, with rain, wind, and cold. We left Altus at 8 A. M., making a very slow trip over a soft track to Chilicothe, the only special incident being the crossing of the Red River at a point where it becomes the State line between Oklahoma and Texas. The Red River is very much like the Platte or the Missouri in its appearance. It is always very muddy, with a bottom of shifting sand, and is constantly eating away its banks. At certain times of the year it leaves its channel and overflows its banks for many miles. At the point where we crossed, for a few miles each side of the river is a desert of sand, with typical dunes.

At Chilicothe Mr. Stilwell announced that our trip from this point on would be reversed, and that instead of a continuation over the tracks of the Orient and the entrance into Mexico at El Paso, we would switch over to

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the tracks of the Fort Worth & Denver, which cross the Orient at this point, going directly to Fort Worth and San Antonio, and crossing into Mexico at Laredo. Mr. Stilwell, I think, had two reasons for the change of programme. First, he was not willing that our inspection of the completed part of the Orient in the United States should be made entirely in rainy weather; and, second, the new roadbed of the Orient had become so soft under the influence of the continuous rain that we could make only very slow time, and that with our train of heavy Pullman cars even slow traveling might possibly be dangerous. At any rate, whatever might have been Mr. Stilwell's motives, it was by this route that we entered the Lone Star State.

The scenery in Texas is rather monotonous. There is a constant succession of ranches, interspersed with fields of cotton and winter wheat, and occasionally a herd of cattle or hogs is seen, but the treeless plains are endless and the towns few and uninteresting.

Our main amusements were sleeping, eating, and reading. I had a great rest and slept about ten hours out of the twenty-four.

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The meals in the dining car were all good and seemed to come around with regularity and surprising quickness. The first day out we purchased books of coupons at twenty dollars each, which provided us breakfast, lunch and dinner at seventy-five cents, fifty cents and one dollar, respectively, leaving us a selected assortment of five, ten, and twenty-five cent coupons, which were receivable for other expenses in the club car.

We reached Fort Worth at 7 P. M., in a pouring rain. Some repairs were necessary to Mr. Stilwell's car and we were delayed at Fort Worth until midnight. S—— and I waded uptown in the mud and attended a vaudeville show at the Majestic Theater.

Tuesday, November 30.—We reached San Antonio at 12:30 P. M. and remained until 2:30. This gave us time to walk across the city a couple of miles to the International, the Great Northern depot, where our train met us, and until we crossed the Mexican border we ran over the tracks of this railroad.

At San Antonio we saw the Alamo, the Cathedral of San Fernando and the Buckhorn Saloon. The Alamo is a very interest-

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ing old building, a church admirably adapted for a fortress before the advent of modern firearms. The incidents that made its name a battle-cry may be read on its walls, plentifully scarred with bullet holes. It was presided over by an enthusiastic old lady, who sold postal cards and retold the story of the heroic defense of the Texans against the Mexican thousands until the last of the defenders had fallen. This building was one of the chain of missions which are seen at their best in California.

The Buckhorn Saloon is famous throughout the Southwest for the peculiar decoration of its walls, which are covered with some 2400 heads of deer and other horned animals. There are also lifesize pictures of animals of all sorts done, entirely in relief, with rattles from the tails of rattlesnakes. Hung about were signs requesting patrons to abstain from the use of profane language, but there seemed to be no objection to one getting drunk, provided he did not swear. This evidently was no place for the man whose one fault was that "he would swear when he got drunk."

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As we were leaving San Antonio we saw the sun for the first time since leaving Kansas City. We were evidently getting pretty far South, for could now be seen pepper trees and live oaks, with their hanging moss. Roses were in bloom everywhere, and there were quantities of cactus. The trees were in full leaf and fresh vegetables were still growing in the fields, and fluttering about were many of the little yellow butterflies which at home we see only in the spring and early summer. Hundreds of bales of cotton were lying at every station awaiting shipment, and on each side of the train were immense fields of cotton, which stretched away into the distance like the corn-fields of Nebraska or the wheat-fields of the great Northwest.

We reached Laredo, the last station in Texas, at nine o'clock. Here we took aboard the Mexican custom-house officers and crossed the long bridge over the Rio Grande to Nuevo Laredo, the first station in Mexico. At this place the trunks were examined, but the examination was a mere formality.

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II

ENTER MEXICO—CITY OF MEXICO—NATIONAL MUSEUM—FUNERAL CARS

WEDNESDAY, December 1.—When I awoke this morning we were traveling over the line of the National Railway of Mexico, and were in a semi-desert valley between two ranges of high, bold, barren mountains, the train running through a country which from its appearance might just as well have been New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, or Colorado.

About nine o'clock we reached Saltillo, which is quite a large Mexican town, built mainly of adobe, however. Near this city, during our war with Mexico, was fought the Battle of Buena Vista. Saltillo has a cloudless sky, an altitude of 5250 feet and a fine, dry climate.

For many miles south of Saltillo the country was dry and barren. There was not much

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to be seen in the way of vegetation, except cactus, many varieties of which were plentiful. Occasionally at small stations a few adobe huts were seen, where blanketed peons, a few burros, and sometimes a flock of lean goats or sheep were visible, but otherwise there was little else of life.

A hundred and fifty miles farther on is a small station called Catorce, and here there is a little stone monument inscribed, "Tropic of Cancer," and crossing this imaginary zone line we came shortly to San Luis Potosi, which is a fine town, beautifully situated in a fertile valley, and surrounded by mountains rich in mineral wealth, especially gold and silver. The city boasts of electric lights and all sorts of the accessories of civilization. The day had been very unpleasant, quite an antithesis to our Kansan experience, for the sky had been cloudless and the weather very hot. The dust had been awful.

Thursday, December 2.—We reached the City of Mexico at 8 A. M. and at once drove to the Palace Hotel, to which we had been assigned. S—— and I had one large room, and a bathroom with a modern porcelain tub.

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Things were generally pretty clean and the hotel is centrally located. When the assignments were given out Mr. Stilwell jokingly said that the hotels were all bad, and that no matter what the assignment, the victim would wish he had some other room in some other hotel, but we had little to complain of at the Palace.

In the morning we visited the main plaza, which is a great public space larger than the Capitol grounds at Washington and in the heart of the city. On one side is the cathedral, which was begun in 1573, and which is built on the site of the wonderful old temple dedicated to the war god of the Aztecs. In the old temple stood the Stone of Sacrifice, on which tens of thousands of human beings were slaughtered and their hearts torn out and burned in the holy of holies in honor of the terrible deity. Close by were the palaces of Emperor Montezuma.

The cathedral is very large, even in comparison with those of the Old World. It is over four hundred feet long and cost over three million of dollars to build. The interior is overwhelmingly decorated with

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gold. The high altar is almost solid gold, and is said to have cost a million and a half. Under the altar of one of the chapels are interred the heads of several old patriots, and in another lie the remains of Augustus Iturbide, the first Emperor of Mexico, and in one of the chapels we saw a Holy Family by Murillo, for which, it is said, two hundred thousand dollars was recently offered by an American millionaire.

On the east side of the plaza, and facing the cathedral, is an old palace, which is the official residence of the President. Over the main entrance is hung the Mexican "liberty bell," which, in 1810, in the village of Dolores, was rung by Father Hidalgo, to call the people to arms in the first struggle for independence.

The National Museum occupies one wing of this palace, but it was closed for repairs, and we were much disappointed not to see it. It contains the Stone of Sacrifice and also the Aztec Calendar Stone, a circular block twelve feet in diameter and of fifty-four thousand pounds' weight, elaborately carved with calendar divisions. The mu-

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seum also contains many stone idols of the olden days before Cortez' invasion.

On the west side of the plaza is the national pawn shop, which contains a great lot of old junk and from which an occasional bargain is obtained. We could find nothing in it which we fancied, however.

Street cars start from the plaza in every direction. The cars were built in America, and look much like the cars used in our large cities, but are divided into first and second class, the first being painted buff and the second green. The latter are always filled with ill-odored peons. First class fares are from three to ten cents, depending upon the distance traveled, and the second, a little less. Special cars well fitted up can be hired for private parties, and, what seemed odd to some of us, these street cars are almost always used for funerals. We saw a number of the street car funerals. The hearse car is elaborately draped with black cloth, surmounted by plumes and a cross, and is followed by one or more black cars for mourners and friends. For the poor there is a car completely closed, with doors at the

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back and fitted with shelves, on which the coffins are stacked. The cemeteries are all in the suburbs.

S—— and I had luncheon at the Restaurant Gambrinus. For dessert we had strawberries, which are here picked every day in the year.

At three o'clock the whole party were invited to the suburb of San Angel, as guests of the United States and Mexican Trust Company. Special street cars were taken for a ride of about an hour. On the way we stopped at the Country Club at Cherubusco, which is quite a swell proposition, the clubhouse being of the old mission type and, with the grounds, cost a quarter of a million dollars. Later we stopped to visit the old Palace of Cortez and the church which he built four hundred years ago. We also saw, in a large garden, the old blue-tiled house which was the palace of Alvarado.

We were entertained at dinner at the San Angel Inn, which was the old house of Santa Anna, the commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces at the time of our war with Mexico. The house is a beautiful structure, very

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large, and with the rooms built about a central patio. The gardens are filled with roses, orange and lemon trees, and all sorts of tropical flowers and plants. The rooms, filled with beautiful old pottery and antique curios, have been restored, and are furnished in the style of a hundred years ago. The roof of the house is flat, with different elevations, and many of the bedrooms open out upon a roof in front of them. From the main roof a wonderful view extends clear to the snow-clad peaks of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, fifty and seventy-five miles away, two famous old, extinct volcanoes which overlook the City of Mexico.

At dinner the guest of honor was Enrique Creel, formerly Ambassador to the United States, but recalled during the previous year, to become Governor of the State of Chihuahua, the most important State of the Mexican Republic. Governor Creel made a speech in excellent English, and later when I shook hands with him and reminded him that I had met him at the reception of Mrs. S—— in Washington a couple of years ago, he probably stretched the truth a little when

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he replied that he remembered me well. He added that it gave him great pleasure to welcome me to his own country.

We reached the city again before eleven o'clock, and many of us went to see a game of piloto, with players from Spain. Piloto means simply "ball," but is unlike any other game of ball that I know of, and is played on an interior court. It is one of the great gambling games of Mexico.

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III

CHAPULTEPEC—PRESIDENT DIAZ—SYLVAIN'S —TEATRO COLONA

FRIDAY, December 3.—At ten o'clock we attended a reception of the Vice-President of Mexico, Señor Corral, in his office. Señor Corral does not speak English, so he made his speech in Spanish, which was immediately put into English by an interpreter. Afterwards we all shook hands with the Vice-President.

Immediately after the reception we took an automobile ride over the Paseo to Chapultepec. This is a fine drive over a macadamized road two and a half miles long, and is the favorite afternoon resort of the Mexican "Four Hundred." All the way to the rock and castle of Chapultepec on each side of the Paseo are the homes of the wealthy, and the Paseo is one of the famous drives of

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the world. It is bordered with a double line of eucalyptus and pepper trees and all sorts of flowering shrubs. The view from the castle of Chapultepec is remarkable in every way and extends for many miles in all directions. The rock rises abruptly from the level of the plain. From the terrace of the castle we had another and a better view of the two volcanoes.

The summer palace of Montezuma was built upon the Rock, but the present modern building, which is the summer home of the President, looks more like a sanitarium than a residence. In one wing of the castle is a sort of Mexican West Point, where the sons of the best families are trained to become army officers.

The main object of our visit to Chapultepec was to pay our respects to Mr. Diaz. We were received by him at twelve o'clock. He made his speech in Spanish, which was immediately translated for us into English, but the President evidently understands something of the English language, because several times he corrected the interpreter. After his talk the President shook hands with

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all of us. He was a very bright, alert old man, appearing little over sixty, though (at this time) he was nearly seventy-eight. History will probably place President Diaz as the first of the rulers of his time. When he became President, in 1876, his country was semi-barbarous and to-day it is wholly civilized. At that time there was not a railroad in the country, and to-day Mexico has fifteen thousand miles of track, and even in the smaller cities there are electric street cars and lights and telephones.

Diaz ruled at first with a hand of iron, and even to-day he is practically a dictator, but at the time of our visit he had every appearance of being an easy boss, a man who had himself well in hand, but who knew how to govern. One of his tasks has been to create a middle class. The rich in Mexico are very rich, but the poor have actually no money at all, and in the rural parts live in houses which in the United States we would consider not good enough for dogs.

At one o'clock we were given a lunch in the French Café Chapultepec, at the foot of the rock, which was the most interesting and

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informing function of our trip. There were many Mexican guests from official and business life, and the speeches, which were all made in understandable English, were excellent. A few speeches were also made by some of the distinguished men of our party. The wittiest talk of the day was made by Major Cuellar, the President's aide. Seated at the table with us was Señor Juarez, a son of the first President of Mexico, and Mr. Thompson, the United States Ambassador, was also present. We took a taxicab back to the city,—passing near the immense amphitheater where bullfights take place every Sunday,—and spent the rest of the afternoon in shopping.

S—— and I and three others were invited by Mr. H——, a Buffalo millionaire, to take dinner with him at seven o'clock at "Sylvain's," which is the swellest café in Mexico. Sylvain Dumont is a Frenchman who goes to Europe every year to buy his wines, his sauces, his cheeses, etc., and who is very elegant generally. We had more kinds of liquors at the dinner than we could drink, but at the end of the meal Mr. H—— in-

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vited Monsieur Dumont in to sit with us, and Monsieur at once ordered in a few liqueurs, and later telling us of a new brand of champagne, Ayala, he sent for a couple of bottles of that. At half past ten S—— and I took the crowd to a box in the Teatro Colona. Ten-thirty may seem a late hour to go to the theater, but the best of the show had not then begun, and the performance did not close until one-thirty.

Saturday, December 4.—We had no social duties to perform this day, and each one spent his time as he pleased in shopping or otherwise.

At five in the afternoon we found our train across the city in the depot of the Mexican Central, and our little staterooms in the elegant Pullman cars looked pretty good to me, and the dinner at six o'clock, with the table linen and silver and the white-coated waiters and the United States cooking, was something to look back upon.

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IV.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MEXICAN LIFE—PUBLIC CARRIAGES—DRESS—POLICE—PULQUE AND MESCAL

MEXICO CITY is the metropolis and unquestioned center of Mexican life. It claims a population of four hundred thousand, and probably no other city in Mexico has one-tenth of that number. The people are cosmopolitan and the storekeepers are mainly Spanish, French, and American. The name of the foreigner spells progress, and therefore Diaz is friendly to foreigners.

The streets of the city are all paved with asphalt, but most of them are narrow, with the sidewalks narrower still. The street cars run close to the curb on one side of the street, and of course there is only one car track on a street. The names of the streets themselves are very unusual. The main street is San

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Francisco Street, as Saint Francis is the patron saint of Mexico. Some of the other street names are Love of God, Holy Ghost, Sepulcher of the Holy Ghost, Sad Indian, Pass If You Can, Lost Child, Street of the Wood Owls, Bridge of the Raven, Walking Priest, and Coffinmakers Street. However, on whatever street you go there is a persistent attempt made to sell you tickets for the morrow's lottery. These tickets are sold by men, women, and children, and are also for sale in many of the second-rate shops.

Most of the store signs give only the name of the storekeeper, though some of them are unusual and occasionally seem especially appropriate. Thus, one of the drug stores calls itself "The Gate to Heaven," and over a drinking saloon is the sign "The Bait of the Devil."

The newer public buildings of the city are magnificent, the post office especially so. There was also an immense opera house in course of construction at the time of our stay. The hotels are all second-class, and are generally old Spanish houses remodeled for their present use. The Hotel Iturbide was for-

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merly the palace of the Emperor of that name.

Many of the stores are modern, and there are several department stores on the main thoroughfares. The city has a good many fine houses, looking like prisons on the outside, and with high adobe walls surrounding the gardens, with the living-rooms all facing the patio inside. The families generally live upstairs, the ground floor being occupied by the servants and for the horses and carriages. The houses are generally painted blue, pink or salmon, but the paint, being a water color apparently, quickly wears off, so that while one occasionally looks fresh, they usually seem to have been painted a hundred years ago, and then forgotten.

The Mexican horses are much like those of Italy, and are among the finest in the world. They are nearly all dock-tailed and high steppers. The private carriages are very fine. The public carriages are of two kinds, those with the blue flags, which are quite respectable and which cost fifty cents (Mexican) an hour, and those with red flags, which are not so good, and which cost thirty

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cents an hour. There was formerly a yellow flag cab, which was very bad, but these were finally put out of business by the government. There are also auto taxicabs and private automobiles by the hundreds, nearly every American car being represented. Of course the patient burro is present everywhere.

The dress of the upper class is much the same as elsewhere, except for the universal mantillas which the ladies wear. The dress of the lower class is all the same, except for variations of color to suit the individual taste. The men wear the tall, pointed, wide-brimmed sombrero, the women shawls. The men wear sandals and the women go barefoot. The blanket is the main feature of the peon costume. It is never discarded by the men; it is both a bed and the bed clothing. In the evenings and the mornings, which are cold because of the altitude of all parts of Mexico except in the south hot country, the blanket is worn either draped around the body like a toga or the head is put through the middle of it, the blanket hanging down on all sides; in the middle of the day when

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the weather is hot the blanket is folded and carried over the shoulder. When it is cold the face is also covered with the blanket, leaving only the eyes visible, and the Indian breathes through it, regardless of germs. And apparently he takes a big chance in doing so too, for the coverings are always dirty, and the exhalation from a number of Indians together in a crowd is hardly attar of roses.

There are a great many policemen in the streets, for the government considers it desirable to know all that is going on, and at night there is one at every corner. Each carries a lantern, which is generally placed in the middle of the intersecting streets. There are only two uses for the lantern, first to let the thieves know where the guardian of the law is, and, second, as the policeman is generally sitting on the pavement leaning against one of the houses asleep, it enables the tourist to find him and wake him up and make him tell where the tourist's hotel is. Each policeman carries a night stick, a big horse pistol, and a cartridge belt.

For a hundred miles around the City of Mexico there are plantations of maguey,

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a species of the family we call the century plant in the United States. The main use of the maguey is to provide pulque—a drink universally used by the poorer classes and which is terrible in its effects—and mescal, a sort of cheap brandy.

Pulque is a thin whitish liquid with a horrid smell, and which tastes like rancid buttermilk diluted with stagnant water. It ferments very rapidly, and the government every day pours into the streets all pulque which is found in the shops which is more than twenty-four hours old. It must therefore be drunk at once, which perhaps accounts for the energy with which the Indians imbibe it. It takes from six to ten years to mature this maguey plant. It then blossoms, and the tall stiff flower spike is cut out, leaving a sort of natural basin in the plant in which the sap collects. This sap is removed two or three times a day by an Indian, who sucks it into a hollow gourd, the liquid gathering into the large end of the gourd. Each plant yields six quarts or more of sap daily, after which it dies and a new plant is set out in its place.

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V

AGUAS CALIENTES—DESERTED CITY—CONTINENTAL DIVIDE—CAVE-DWELLERS—DOLORES' MULE

SUNDAY, December 5.—We awoke this morning on a high tableland and were again surrounded by mountains. Our first stop at a town of any importance was Aguas Calientes, which is Spanish for Hot Springs. This is a city of thirty-five thousand or more population. A large amount of drawn-work is done here, some of it the best in Mexico, and women brought it to the train for sale. I did not see any of it, however, which I liked as well as that in the City of Mexico.

About one o'clock, after climbing to an elevation of eight thousand feet, we passed Guadalupe, formerly a great mining town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, but now absolutely deserted. In this climate buildings do not disintegrate rapidly, and as we went

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by on the train, looking down into the valley, the houses seemed to be in as good a state of repair as in any other town. The mines were worked out, the miners departed, and the Mexicans followed, and to-day there remain only the silent houses and the waste from the mines.

A few miles farther on we came to Zacatecas, larger than Guadalupe, and also the center of a great silver mining camp, but the present output of silver is less than one-fifth what it was, and the city is on the way to the same sad fate of its sister town.

Zacatecas is said to be the most picturesque town in Mexico, and to much resemble Jerusalem in its surroundings of desert mountains, in its location on a hillside, and the general character of its buildings and coloring; the gathering of its habitants in the evening upon the flat roofs of its adobes adding further to its far-Eastern appearance.

The track winds round and round, ascending higher and higher, until it again reaches an elevation of eight thousand feet. The country reminded me somewhat of that near Cripple Creek in Colorado, and, as at Crip-

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ple Creek, in every direction were prospects or mining dumps.

Monday, December 6.—We reached Chihuahua about 8 A. M., transferring from the Mexican Central to the Orient Road and at once starting to the eastern end of the line. The country is a fine ranch land, a high tableland surrounded with mountains, with their sides seamed with deep canyons, making natural reservoirs in which water can be impounded for irrigation when necessary.

We stopped at Conchos, which is at present the last station of the road. This station is on the bank of a river of the same name, over which a long bridge had just been built.

While the train was waiting a dozen or more of us got out of our clothes and went for a swim. The river was perhaps seventy-five feet wide and we found a few places where the water was four or five feet deep. It was so frightfully cold, however, that about all we could do was to take a plunge and come out.

We reached Chihuahua again at 11 P. M., leaving a little after 12 and going out on the line of the Orient.

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Tuesday, December 7.—We were all up early this morning, in order to miss none of the magnificent scenery. From six to ten o'clock we were going through the finest cattle country I ever saw, a perfectly flat tableland, with mountains everywhere in the distance, and for the rest of the day we were in the wildest part of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which are the Mexican extension of the Rockies.

We crossed the Continental Divide three times going, and the same number of times on the return trip, at the highest point at an elevation of 8200 feet. The road is wonderful and the scenery magnificent, and in many places it is possible to see the track at three different elevations at the same time, as the road winds round and round the mountains in its ascent.

At one o'clock we reached Sanchez, which at this time was the farthest outpost of civilization. The train was taken to where the last rail had been laid and where the telegraph stopped, and we all got out and walked a mile farther along the grade to the top of a bluff, from which a fine view could be ob-

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tained. This point was the extreme frontier, and only a few engineers or other white men had been farther into this mountain vastness. It is the first time I have ever ridden on a train in a Rocky Mountain wilderness and come to the end of the rails, the jumping-off place of the white man. I rode back from this point on a little mustang, which one of the engineers loaned me. He was as active as a cat, and I jumped him over many logs and other obstacles. Just before I took the train again I bought a native violin and bow from a Mexican who had just completed its very primitive manufacture. And speaking of natives, we have certainly seen all kinds, from the dirty and picturesque, with practically no clothing, to the imitator of the civilized in overalls and coat. The most curious are undoubtedly the Tehumari Indians, who are only seen in the mountains and who are cave-dwellers. We saw many of them in the course of the ride to-day. They were all practically naked, and yet there was snow in the mountains all about us and we were quite chilly in our overcoats.

The cave-dwellers of this district were the

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first I ever saw on their native heath, so to speak, but many of the houses of the peons and other Mexicans are little better. These latter are often only dug-outs or lean-tos, have no furniture of any sort except a few kitchen utensils, and have dirt floors on which the natives squat around a fire built in a hollow between two or three stones. These houses have no windows and only one door, which is tightly shut at night, and yet the whole family sleep inside in the one room, from which the smoke of the fire has no outlet.

On the way up we passed a mule which apparently had been struck by the train and its hind quarters almost taken off. As its recovery was impossible, some of us who were humanely inclined asked S——, who had a six-shooter, to put the mule out of his misery, so S—— shot him.

When we came back to the station again an officer of the Mexican police force appeared and refused to permit the train to proceed further until we produced the man who shot the mule. When S—— was finally produced, the officer explained that in Mex-

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ico no one could shoot stock belonging to another without the written consent of the owner. He asked S—— if he had such a permit. S—— looked all through his clothes, and said if he had such a permit he had lost it. The officer then said S—— was under arrest. S—— asked if the matter could not be settled for a financial consideration, as he had an important engagement at home next month and could not afford to spend much time in jail. The officer said he had anticipated this question; that the mule was worth eighty dollars (Mexican) when in good health, but in its present damaged condition was not worth more than forty dollars. So S—— had to cough up the forty dollars. But we took up a collection on the train a little later and reimbursed him.

The next day S—— received a telegram signed "Dolores," presumably the former owner of the mule, which read:

"Money received and settlement satisfactory. The mule is yours, but please send five dollars to bury him."

Dolores didn't get the money.

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VI

WOOD-BURNING ENGINES—PEON FARMING—BACK TO TEXAS—HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

GOING back, we had still further excitement. Attached to the train were two engines, and both burned wood, which is the cheapest fuel in the mountains. The fenders of both were stacked high with wood, when the pile on one caught ablaze. We had to stop the train and rally the fire department to put out the flames before we could again proceed.

The station east of Sanchez is Creel, which is the nearest railroad station to Batopilas, where valuable mines are situated seventy-five miles away from the railroad. The Batopilas Mining Company has a supply station here, where the men are fed and the mules rested before starting back for their three days' trip of packing over the mountains. One of the Mexicans was wait-

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ing for S—— at this point, and we delivered to him Christmas presents which we had brought with us for the children of S——'s brother, who is one of the officers of the Batopilas Mining Co.

It seemed hard to believe that at Sanchez we were little more than a hundred miles from the Pacific Coast in an air line; but the way the train must go is several times one hundred miles. However, when the road is completed, in a year or two, it will be possible in ten or twelve hours to go from a climate of snow-clad mountains to the tropical plains of the sea-coast, where one can pick oranges, lemons, and pineapples all the year round. The mountain tops are filled with tropical mountain meadows surrounded with park-like forests of pine and fir, and the altitude is so great that there is practically no undergrowth, making beautiful vistas in all directions. There is great resemblance here to the high mountain scenery in our own country or Switzerland, but the uniform brown or yellow tones of grass and rocks make a color effect which seems to belong to the Mexican mountains alone.

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The long brown grass, which seems from its appearance to be dead, is filled with nutriment, and the cattle eat it with great avidity and seem always fat. An occasional long horn is seen, but most of the cattle seem to be small and of other breeds.

We reached Chihuahua again about midnight, completing one of the most interesting days of travel I had ever known. The free open air life on a flat car—for the flat car had been used wholly upon reaching the warm country—at the end of a train of Pullmans going through a high mountain country to the outskirts of civilization is wonderfully exhilarating. And at every station we saw new phases of life and ways of living. A few days ago, close to the City of Mexico, we saw a peon plowing in the old-fashioned way, with a crooked stick instead of a plow. He wore a straw sombrero and a heavy red blanket. He was bare-foot and drove with a long fishing pole instead of a line. His oxen were yoked together by the horns, the heavy yoke resting on their heads instead of their necks. And this is typical of Mexico, as close beside education and present-day civ-

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ilization is everywhere found ignorance and mediaevalism.

Wednesday, December 8.—We left Chihuahua last night about two o'clock, arriving at El Paso at eleven o'clock, stopping at El Paso about three hours, just long enough to clean up the cars and to switch over from the Mexican Central to the tracks of the Texas and Pacific.

The country from Chihuahua to El Paso is a veritable desert for most of the way, a series of rolling sand dunes, with no water and no vegetation except a few desert shrubs.

At Juarez the baggage was examined by the Mexican authorities to see if we were carrying away any silver bullion, and on the bridge over the Rio Grande by the United States custom-house service, but the examination in both cases was merely perfunctory.

Thursday, December 9.—This morning the porter called me at 6:30, just before we reached Sweetwater. At this point in Texas our train was to be again switched off to the Orient tracks, going first south to San Angelo, the farthest point of completion, and then going back north again to Altus. As

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we had gone over the rest of the road going down, the intent was, from Altus, to go direct to St. Louis, where the company of guests would disband.

I had concluded to leave the train at Sweetwater, however, so I said my good-bys the night before, and started east on the Texas & Pacific to Fort Worth, then going over the Iron Mountain Road to Hot Springs, Ark., by way of Texarkana. The journey was over a flat, arid, and uninteresting country, and I was glad when night came and I could get into my berth. There was no excitement of any sort except that when we reached Texarkana, at perhaps three o'clock in the morning, a man came aboard, who was pretty drunk, and there was considerable trouble in getting him into an upper berth, as all the lowers were taken. He seemed to be in a very bad humor, and was much troubled by a man farther up the aisle who was snoring. He finally arose in wrath and said: "You gol-darned idiot, shut up! Don't you know you are waking up everybody in this car?" About every half hour thereafter until morning the drunken man

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shouted at the snorer. He could not wake the snorer, but he of course kept everybody else awake all night.

Friday, December 10.—The train was three hours late, so did not reach Hot Springs until 11:30. I had a bath in some of the hot water for which the place is famous, and took dinner at the Arlington Hotel, which seemed to be the main place at which invalids could be rested at eight to ten dollars a day while being parboiled occasionally. It is said that no matter how hot this water is it will not blister. I did not experiment, however, but took mine at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees. The bath-houses are fitted up much like Turkish baths, with hot rooms and steam rooms, showers and all sorts of other baths, and when you enter you are supposed to give the attendant a doctor's prescription showing just how far he may go in his maltreatment of you. My man started in to do all sorts of things to me, but I told him I just wanted a plain ordinary bath by myself, and gave him a quarter to go away. The United States government seems to have taken the Hot Springs property as a public

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reservation, and signs in every direction tell you what not to do. For instance, you must not beg from people who are drinking the waters. I infer that begging will absolutely counteract the otherwise good effect of drinking the waters. There are fountains all over the town from which the hot water is continuously running, and you are supposed to carry your own drinking cup and drink just as often as nature will permit you to take advantage of her bounty. The water has no bad taste to it, and seemed to me to be well enough in limited quantities. I believe there is here an alum spring, and perhaps a few others of special quality, but most of the waters are alike, simply very hot and almost tasteless. The town itself is just about what you would expect to find it, a sort of excursion place with a lot of souvenir stores, and under Southern management. I should not care to stay there long unless for some sort of treatment.

I started for New Orleans at 5:30, over the Iron Mountain, getting my sleeper three hours later at Little Rock, on the Memphis Division. The sleeper was the oldest and

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dirtiest and had the hardest bed I ever remember to have used. Probably everybody else knew about it, because nobody else seemed to want to travel in the car except myself. When I left the car in the morning I gave the porter the customary quarter, not because he was worth it, but purely out of compassion for a man, although black, who had to live in such a car. He seemed very much discouraged, and at ten o'clock the next morning when I left him had not mustered up sufficient energy to make up my berth. However, as he said, there was plenty of room elsewhere in the car.

From what I saw of the southern part of the State, Arkansas seems to be a pretty useless place. The ground seemed to be very poor, and practically nothing in the way of agriculture was being done in this section. There were few houses, and these mostly one-story, unpainted affairs. There was considerable lumbering going on in a small way, mostly confined to the making of railroad ties and crates of some sort.

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VII

LOUISIANA—NEW ORLEANS—FRENCH QUARTERS—ALABAMA—WASHINGTON

SATURDAY, December 11.—I had breakfast this morning at Rochelle, La., and it was a terror. Rochelle is an unheard-of place in the depths of heathendom, and of course does not know how to cook breakfast, even if it could get anything to cook. I am not blaming Rochelle, because I am sure it does its best, but certainly the railroad should better provide for its patrons.

Somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock we reached Alexandria, and there I transferred again to a Pullman of the Texas & Pacific, which I relied upon to deliver me safely in New Orleans at 7:45 in the evening. This train also was supposed to make a stop for lunch at 2:30, but at three o'clock, with the meal station of Baton Rouge Junc-

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tion still several places further down on the schedule, there seemed to be no chance for anything to eat until the hotel in New Orleans was reached, at probably ten o'clock—which proved to be the case. Traveling in the far South is different from that in the North and East.

The day in Louisiana was much as I expected to find it. The country is very flat and in places very swampy. There were many fields of sugar cane, and it was being cut and put into freight cars at all stations when we passed. The swamps as we went by seemed to be absolutely impassable. They were filled with a dense undergrowth of vines and creepers, which hang over and interlace in the slimy, stagnant water which I am sure is the abode of snakes and other horrid monsters. The trees are very tall, the creepers reaching up from the undergrowth to the high branches, as if to pull them down, and everywhere and covering everything are festoons of hanging moss. A Louisiana swamp is certainly a "bird"! In the country through which I have been traveling lately there are irrigation trenches every-

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where. In Louisiana there are also trenches through the fields in all directions, but these are made for drainage and to carry off the water instead of to bring it in. On each side of the train to-day were fields of sugar cane covering hundreds of acres, just as in Texas I saw similar fields of cotton, and farther north similar fields of corn and wheat.

Sunday, December 12.—I spent last night at the St. Charles, one of the most famous of old hostelries, and still a good hotel. It poured down raining most of the day to-day, so that sight-seeing was done under difficulties. I managed to see a good deal, however. I first took a Canal Belt car, which gave me a good idea of the general lay of the city. Next, between showers, I walked down to the Mississippi River and watched the unloading of a boatload of cotton which had just come in on an upriver boat of the Mark Twain type, with the wheel in the stern. Then I walked down through the docks to the French Market and back through the French section, stopping a while at the old cathedral. This building I found in better shape than I expected. It has evidently been

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done over, and is now much like a modern Catholic church on the inside. The French section of the city seems to me to be rather overdone as to picturesqueness. It is mainly the home of the very poor, and is not at all attractive. The houses are old and dingy and dilapidated, and are inhabited by about as many negroes and Italians and Spaniards as French. There are more or less foreign balconies, but such as are seen in all hot countries, and New Orleans is undoubtedly hot all right in the summer. In fact, it was much too hot to wear an overcoat to-day, and flowers were blooming everywhere. The parks were full of live oaks, covered with the always present Spanish moss, and with palms and magnolias. The houses of the middle class are almost all alike, either being bungalows of one story or two stories, and with the eaves hanging way over in front, making a roof for a second-story porch, the first and second story porches both having pillars in front and sufficiently closed in so that many of the rooms in the house must be quite dark. All the front vestibules have slat doors outside. At lunch I had some of

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the famous New Orleans pompano, which is the great Southern fish.

About four o'clock I took a seeing New Orleans automobile ride in the rain, taking in all the fine residence part of the city, including the section where the millionaire bankers and cotton brokers live, on St. Charles Avenue. This avenue is quite like Euclid Avenue in Cleveland in its arrangement, but the houses are not quite so far back from the street,—that is, have smaller lawns in front. Some of the houses are palatial and many are built of stone, though New Orleans is almost entirely a frame city, and brick is seldom used except in the business section. I also saw Tulane University, the largest university in the South.

At 7:30 I took the Queen & Crescent sleeper for Washington, which strikes the tracks of the Southern at Chattanooga, running thence to Washington over the Southern system.

Monday, December 13.—I awoke this morning just as we were getting into Burlington, Ala., and it was still raining. We were forty minutes late, but reached Chat-

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tanooga on time, at a mile-a-minute gait. At Chattanooga I had a chance to see Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, where two famous battles were fought in the Civil War. On Missionary Ridge they seemed to be still putting up monuments, marking the places where different regiments fought during the battle

I reached Washington this morning on time.

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